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CABINET OFFICERS IN CONGRESS.

THE Constitution of the so-called Confederate States of America naturally followed the lines of the Federal Constitution of 1789. It was numbered and paragraphed in the same manner, and was in many other ways the same, but contained certain additions to the original text to suit altered circumstances; and one at least of these additions is worthy of examination, if only on account of the eminent ability of the men responsible for that document.

Thus Paragraph II. of Section 6 of Article I. of the Federal Constitution forbids the appointment of Senators and Representatives, during the time for which they are elected, to civil offices under authority of the United States, and *vice versa*; but in the Confederate Constitution we find the following words added: "but Congress may, by law, grant to the principal officer in each of the executive departments a seat upon the floor of either house, with the privilege of discussing any measure appertaining to his department."

Referring to this clause, Alexander H. Stephens, in his "War between the States" (page 338 of Vol. I.), says: "The change in the old Constitution which authorized Congress to pass a law to allow Cabinet Ministers to occupy seats in either House of Congress and to participate in debate on subjects relating to their respective departments was the one in which I took the most interest. The clause as it stands did not go as far as I wished. I wanted the President to be required to appoint the Cabinet Ministers from

one or the other House of Congress. This feature in the British Constitution I always regarded as one of the most salutary principles in it. But enough on this subject." And, unfortunately for us, with this curt remark he dismisses the matter.

At first view, the change in question, as far as its adaptability by Act of Congress to our own Constitution is concerned, may appear a dangerous innovation; and many will be opposed to the introduction of such a principle into our system of constitutional law—notwithstanding the advantages to be derived therefrom—owing to the belief that it is altogether of English origin; for prejudice against England is still so strong here in the minds of the masses that such a belief would be sufficient, for the present at least, to kill any bill of the sort. And yet almost every country has a constitutional provision allowing Cabinet Ministers to sit in the national legislature. Only in our own country has it been provided otherwise, and this was undoubtedly due to the influence of the radical theories of French writers on the government of the eighteenth century. Thus, the Report of the Select Committee of 1864 (38th Congress, 1st Session, House Report No. 43) appointed to consider a bill with this object in view, then for the first time introduced into the House, says that in every country except the United States the executive ministers, either themselves or through substitutes, have a voice in the deliberations of the representative assembly. "In some they are members of the body, elected as the others; in some they are *ex officio* members; in some they have seats without membership and the right to vote; in some they have an unlimited right of debate; in all they have the right to state facts, to give information, to explain the provisions of pending measures, and to urge their adoption."

It will be seen, therefore, that what the friends of the bills from time to time brought to the attention of Congress advocate is only what already exists under the fundamental laws of all nations except the United States, and it is not probable that any material change has taken place in these laws since 1864. As to the right of urging the adoption

of pending measures, that is implied in the grant of the right of debate, for otherwise the right would have no value.

Besides the provision mentioned at the beginning of this paper—which provision could be applied by an amendment to our own Constitution—the Constitution could also be so amended as to remove the restriction contained in Section 6 of Article I. on the appointment to any civil office under the United States of Senators and Representatives, which would thus allow the President to choose his Cabinet from members of Congress, after the manner of the Prime Minister in England in choosing his Cabinet from members of Parliament. Or Congress could pass a law allowing heads of departments to sit in either House of Congress, with the right of debate on matters connected with their respective departments, but with no vote, the duty being also imposed upon them of answering questions connected with their departments. It is this method which has already—in 1864, in 1879, in 1881, and in 1887—been brought to the attention of Congress, and which it is proposed to consider in this article.

The measure was first introduced, as a joint resolution, by George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, in the House of Representatives, on the third day of February, 1864. Three days later, a committee to consider the bill was named, consisting of Messrs. Pendleton, Stevens, Morrill, of Vermont, Mallory, Kasson, Ganson, and James G. Blaine; and just two months afterwards the bill was reported back from the committee, with accompanying majority and minority reports; the former recommending its passage without amendment, but suggesting, nevertheless, certain amendments to the House Rules to conform to the proposed change. The bill was then ordered to be printed, to be recommitted to the above Select Committee, and a notice to reconsider entered.

The terms of the bill, as reported, were as follows: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, etc., that the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior, the Attorney-General, and the Post-

master-General, shall be entitled to occupy seats on the floor of the House of Representatives, with the right to participate in debate upon matters relating to the business of their respective departments, under such rules as may be prescribed by the House.

"Section 2. And be it further enacted that the said Secretaries, the Attorney-General, and the Postmaster-General shall attend the sessions of the House of Representatives immediately on the opening of the sittings on Mondays and Thursdays of each week, to give information in reply to questions which may be propounded to them under the Rules of the House." It will be seen that this bill of 1864 relates only to the House of Representatives.

The proposed amendments to the House Rules provided that the Clerk should keep a Notice Book, in which he was to enter, at the request of a member, any resolution requiring information from any one of the departments, on any question desired to be propounded to any member of the Cabinet touching public affairs or pending business; and that the same should be called up on Monday or Thursday of the succeeding week, but not within less than three days after the notice should have been given. The Clerk was immediately to send to the proper officer a copy of the resolution or question, and notice of the day when it would come before the House. And on Monday and Thursday of each week the resolutions and questions were to be taken up in the order in which they had been entered for that day.

A resolution having meanwhile (on May 30, 1864) been adopted, on motion of Mr. Pendleton, continuing the Select Committee during that Congress, he reported to the House on December 20 that the committee had made its report, and asked the action of the House upon it "at the earliest possible moment after the holidays."

But, although in the course of the winter the bill came up for consideration—Messrs. Ganson, of New York, James G. Blaine, and James A. Garfield (afterwards President), pronouncing in its favor, with Morrill, of Vermont, "Sunset" Cox (then a Representative from Ohio), and others, in op-

position thereto—it was not until March 3, 1865, the last day of the session, and the day previous to the commencement of President Lincoln's second term, that Mr. Pendleton was allowed an opportunity to make his speech in favor of the resolution which he had introduced in the House nearly thirteen months before; he having, as Morrill, of Vermont, said at the time, given way many times, "in order not to clog the business of the House." It would be difficult indeed to say, at this late day, whether obstacles were purposely thrown in his way or not, though the indications were strongly in favor of that supposition; but, at any rate, it is evident that "Gentleman George" was determined not to be provoked or discouraged. He was followed, in opposition, by J. F. Wilson, of Iowa; and then, as the record states, "the bill was laid aside informally, according to the previous understanding that no action should be taken upon it."

The measure was introduced a second time, during the first session of the forty-sixth Congress, by Mr. Pendleton—now a Senator—on March 26, 1879; when it was ordered to be printed and laid on the table, subject to the call of Senator Pendleton.

Its provisions were the same as those of the previous bill, except that heads of departments were to have the right to sit in both Houses, and that they should attend the sessions of the Senate on the opening of the sittings on Tuesday and Friday of each week, and the sessions of the House on Monday and Thursday, to give information "asked by resolution" as well as in reply to questions which might be propounded to them under the rules of the Senate and House. These words, "asked by resolution," were not in the bill of 1864.

This latest bill was, on May 28, referred to a Select Committee of ten, of which Mr. Pendleton was Chairman, Senators Thomas F. Bayard, Roscoe Conkling, and James G. Blaine being among its members. Nearly two years later, during the third session of the forty-third Congress—on February 4, 1881—Mr. Pendleton reported the bill for the committee, with an amendment adding the following words to the section: "and the Senate and the House may by

standing orders dispense with the attendance of one or more of said officers on either of said days." The report of the committee was not, as has sometimes been stated, unanimous, since neither Mr. Bayard nor Mr. Conkling signed it.

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, who has given much attention to this subject, says of this bill, in an article in the "Annals of the American Academy of Political Science," written in 1891: "It did not receive the slightest attention from either House of Congress or from the Executive. The dismissal by the report of the whole question of its political bearing has an exceedingly suspicious look, as if the committee did not dare to assume the burden of a discussion in which they saw plainly that a tide of opposition was sure to set in."

The forty-sixth Congress having closed, notwithstanding the highly favorable report of the committee, without any action having been taken on his bill, Senator Pendleton not yet apparently discouraged, within a few days after the opening of the succeeding Congress—on December 8, 1881—again introduced his measure, as Senate Bill No. 307, which, having been read the first and second times, was ordered to be referred to a Select Committee of ten, as before, to be appointed by the "Presiding Officer," who at that time was Senator David Davis, of Illinois, Vice President Arthur having become President of the United States, owing to the death of President Garfield. The committee, appointed five days later, of which Mr. Pendleton was chairman, and which included Messrs. Morgan, of Alabama, Windom, of Minnesota, Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Hawley, of Connecticut, apparently never made any report, and thus Senator Pendleton's third and last effort remained without result, the bill having died with that Congress.

This measure, in a limited form, was introduced for the fourth time on January 5, 1886, in the forty-ninth Congress, by Mr. John Davis Long, of Massachusetts (since Secretary of the Navy), when a bill providing that the principal officer of each department should occupy a seat on the floor of the House of Representatives was read a first and second time; was referred to the Select Committee on Reform in the Civil

Service—why to that committee it would be difficult to say—and ordered to be printed. Nothing more was heard of this bill during the forty-ninth Congress, and therefore, at its close, it died a natural death.

The opponents of the bills thus successively introduced have claimed that such a change would either, in the opinion of some of them, unduly increase the power of the Executive, or, in the opinion of the others, decrease its power in an equal degree; but they all agree in considering such a law unconstitutional, an encroachment upon the rights of the States, and as tending to destroy the legitimate influence of Congress under the Constitution.

These objections do not seem well founded; for the House, at least, has the right to admit whom it pleases to the privileges of the floor under the constitutional guarantee that it shall "determine the rules of its procedure" (Article I., Section 5), though this contention may indeed be good only as far as it goes, and the power of Congress to summon heads of departments is clearly assured by the law of 1789, under which the Treasury Department was organized; for, under that law, by a resolution of the House, the Secretary may be required to come upon the floor and explain the measures he recommends—"shall make report, and give information to either branch of the legislature, in person or in writing, as may be required." (United States Revised Statutes, Section 248.)

It is also claimed that the provision of the Confederate Constitution now under consideration did not work well in practice, and that it resulted in placing a superabundance of power in the hands of the Executive.

Now, in the course of the brief life of the Confederacy, there were organized first a provisional, and later a "permanent" Congress—the provisional Congress holding four separate sessions during the period beginning February 4, 1861, and ending February 17, 1862; and the "permanent," during its two Congresses, from February 18, 1862, to March 18, 1865, when there was a "hasty and final adjournment," holding six separate sessions in all. It must, moreover, be

remembered that the Southern States were engaged in a life-and-death struggle; and that Congress was obliged to give way to the Executive whenever, in the opinion of the latter, the most pressing need—that of the army—was in question.

Thus Prof. Alexander Johnston, in an article in Lalor's "Political Cyclopædia," on the "Confederate States," says: "That the most noteworthy feature of their political history was the insignificance of the legislative; that after the formation of the provisional government the strongest and most self-assertive of the senatorial clique which had organized it, having been chosen President, at once began to quarrel with his associates and to drive them from his councils; that there was no popular strength in the provisional Congress to resist him; and that, even before his inauguration of the permanent government, the Confederacy had become a military despotism of the Executive. The sittings of Congress were almost continuously secret, and its acts, generally prepared in advance by the Executive—the Cabinet having seats in Congress—were made conformable to his known wishes, or were interpreted by him to suit his own pleasure." It will be seen, therefore, that these objections can scarcely apply, with any force, to the Federal Congress, under existing circumstances.

One provision in the Constitution relied upon by these objectors is as follows: "Article I., Section 4. No person holding an office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office." But the reply to this is plain. The permission to appear on the floor of either House and join in debate, with no vote, certainly does not make one a member; and an appearance at regular stated times to answer interrogatories propounded to them, as to matters within their province, does not make members out of Cabinet officers. As is stated in the Report of the Select Committee on the bill of 1879: "the head of a department reporting to either House in person and orally becomes no more a member of either House than does the chaplain, or the contestant or his counsel, or the (Territorial)

delegate," for the reason that "he has no official term; is neither elected nor appointed to either House; he has no participation in the power of impeachment, either in its institution or trial; he has no privilege from arrest, and no power to vote."

Prof. Cooley holds that the heads of departments are not responsible to Congress, and do not act independently of the President, except in such cases as the law may specially provide for; but they are executive agents, and any official act done by one of them is, in contemplation of law, done by the President himself, and the responsibility is upon him. But it is otherwise as to any duties imposed by law on heads of the departments specially. Thus the case of Kendall vs. United States (12 Peters 524) decides that there is no law in establishing a relation between the President and one of his Secretaries—in this case the Postmaster-General—or any authority in the President to prescribe his duties or control him in the exercise of his official functions. In the exercise of his official duties he is as independent of the President as the President is of him. The President can control him only through fear of removal, and no act done under such control would be justified. (Principles of Constitutional Law, page 101.) From this it would seem that there is no constitutional objection to the passage of a law by Congress enlarging or restricting the duties of heads of departments.

A committeee to investigate the conduct of a Cabinet officer is appointed only in the case of grave offenses; in minor matters he can be called to account by letter, or talked with in private. But the complaining member risks losing the good will of the Cabinet officer by so doing; for it would seem that such action by a member is considered as an interference in the affairs of the particular department concerned, quite as much as would be any encroachment upon the right of patronage accorded by custom to Senators and Representatives. Under the proposed law, however, the right of interpellation would be a common right, and the inquiring member would attract no undue attention to him-

self, at least no special ill will; since such questionings would be the rule rather than, as now, the exception.

It has been asserted that fuller information is already given by President's message, the reports of Secretaries, and the statements of the heads of the different bureaus, than is the case in any other country. But this information is mainly supplied all at once, at the opening of the winter sessions of Congress; and how few there probably are who make any attempt to study this mass, even to skim its surface! Thus Section 2 of Article I. of the Constitution says that the President may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices; and Section 3, that he shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. It is not anywhere held that he is obliged to give to Congress the information so received from the members of his Cabinet. He can withhold or communicate whatever portion he pleases; but, by force of a custom stronger than law, the President sends with his messages the reports in full of all his Secretaries. Yet, though voluminous and minute, and necessary for a fair understanding of the needs of each department, it is certain that they require to be supplemented by further information from the departments. Besides this, answers to special calls for information are sometimes delayed because time is required, or they are perhaps put aside for more important matters, or delayed purposely until the session has expired. In addition, calls are unnecessarily made, and time and labor wasted in response thereto.

Mr. Bryce holds ("American Commonwealth," abridged edition of 1896, page 70) that an American administration resembles not so much the Cabinets of England and France as the group of Ministers who surround the Czar or the Sultan, or who executed the bidding of a Roman emperor like Constantine or Justinian. Such Ministers, he says, are severally responsible to their master, and are severally called

in to counsel him, but they have not necessarily any relations with one another, nor any duty of collective action. There being, therefore, no solidarity in the relations of the Secretaries, they could not be made to retire as a body; nor is it probable a majority in the House, hostile to the Administration, would be likely to succeed in forcing—as has been suggested—individual resignations; for it is the President who appoints “by and with the advice and consent of the Senate,” though it has been claimed in the House that the *advice* of the Senate is not now asked, and Ministers are responsible only to him.

It has been thought by some that no man of any pride of character, sufficient to entitle him to occupy a position in the Cabinet, would accept an office that would subject him to annoyance from the party opposed to the Administration either in Senate or House; for the reason that he might be credited with giving himself the “airs of a British Minister seeking to embody monarchical practices in American political usage;” and that he would be subjected to too much “heckling” of a parliamentary sort—badgered, that is, with questions simply intended to bring discredit on the Administration. But the amendments to the House Rules, as suggested—and they could be made to apply to the Senate—provide that the member offering a resolution may “state *succinctly*” the object and scope of his resolution, and the reasons for desiring the information, and “the Secretary of the proper department may reply, giving the information, or the reason why the same should be withheld; and then, without further debate, the House shall vote on the resolution, unless it shall be withdrawn or postponed.” And it is directed that “in putting any question, no argument or opinion is to be offered, nor any fact stated, except so far as may be necessary to explain such question.” With such carefully drawn rules, it would seem that the susceptibilities of the Secretaries ought to be sufficiently safeguarded; especially if it be true, as Mr. Pendleton claimed in support of his bill of 1879, that the Secretaries are usually very well able to take care of themselves; that they are, ordinarily,

fully equal in debate to any like member or members of Congress; and that any man who is fitted by business qualifications to take charge of a department "can tell clearly what he understands thoroughly."

It was said in the Report of the Select Committee of 1864 (thirty-eighth Congress, first session, No. 43), of which committee, it will be remembered, Mr. Blaine was a member—he being in favor of the bill, though proposed by a Democrat when Democratic fortunes were, on the whole, at a low ebb—"without disparagement of the ability or fidelity of members of Congress, it may be safely asserted that scarcely any measure is brought before Congress, whether of a public or private nature, to the wise determination of which the departments may not contribute valuable aid, either by information as to facts or by suggestions as to policy." Now, a calculation—made from the list of Representatives to the fifty-sixth Congress—of the average number of terms of two years during which Congressmen represent their constituencies at Washington, gives, for the whole of the United States, less than three terms. In the State of New York the average duration is two and one-half terms; in Pennsylvania, three and a quarter; in Massachusetts, two and one-third; in Illinois, three and a half; in Georgia, three; in Missouri, two and a third; in California, two; in Texas, three; the average representation of a constituency at the South being longer, on the whole, than in the Northern States. Is it possible, during the brief average period thus allotted, for a member to obtain a thorough knowledge of much else than the rules of procedure in the House, taking into consideration the demands of various kinds usually made upon his time by his constituents? Or can he be expected, under such circumstances, to give much minute attention to the workings of the executive departments?

There are, of course, those who have sat in the House for many years; but even in such cases exceptional terms of service do not always result in the necessary knowledge, nor experience gained take the place, at a given juncture,

of information direct from headquarters, and without intermediary.

In accordance with the theory of the separation of the executive and the legislative, there is no overt communication allowed between individual members of Congress and heads of departments. Information is, therefore, obtained by members, and the influence of Cabinet officers is usually brought to bear upon them in return—in favor of any measure in which they may be interested—by personal interviews, by private conversations, “in social intercourse at casual meetings, on the floor of the two Houses, or by verbal statements to the chairman of committees themselves,” made by the Secretaries. (Report on Bill of 1864.) But as to information so obtained by members, or conversations had with a Secretary under these circumstances, it is not within the rules, though they are sometimes broken, nor is it the custom to refer to them in debate; for such statements are necessarily at second hand.

Should the objection be made that their enforced attendance in the respective Houses of Congress may prove too serious a strain upon the Secretaries, resulting in an enforced neglect by them of their departmental duties, or that the work of the employees in the various departments may be largely increased, it can be said that it will be easy to provide by law for the appointment of under Secretaries, as in England, to represent their chiefs, and to respond to interpellations; and at the same time to increase the number of clerks.

It was asked in the course of the debates over the first two bills—among minor objections made—whether the executive member would be privileged from arrest; or not be liable for any speech or debate in either House; or be liable to punishment or expulsion for nonattendance or disorderly behavior; or whether he must have attained the age of twenty-five years for the House, and thirty years for the Senate, as provided in the Constitution. The reply to the above is—as already suggested in the course of this paper—that admission to the privileges of the floor does not of itself

constitute one a member of either House; that freedom from responsibility for any speech or debate, if not freedom from arrest, would be assured by the grant of the privilege of joining in such debate and making such speech; and that no outsider, even with the privilege of the floor and of debate, can "be" a Senator or Representative in the sense of Sections 2 and 3 of Article I. of the Constitution, as regards the age limitation, without having been duly elected in the manner prescribed by the Constitution. The objection based on liability to discipline for nonattendance or disorderly conduct seems trifling. Continued nonattendance might result in impeachment.

Is it not possible, also, that the position of the individual member of the House—who is now subject to the arbitrary rulings of the speaker, and who, if a newcomer, is long in getting a chance to be heard—may be improved by the passage of such a law? As it is now, he feels, rightly or wrongly, that he is not doing justice to his constituents in not being able, owing to the strictness of the rules, to take the part he thinks he should take in the discussion of any pending measure; being in that respect, it would seem, situated much as is an unknown member of the British House of Commons. The right of inquiry or interpellation which would be given by a bill such as is proposed would at least furnish an opening for such members, of which they would probably not be slow to take advantage.

We have seen how, within the brief space of four years, preceding the last presidential election, the attitude of a large section of the American people toward the question of free silver changed from eager interest and advocacy to that of comparative indifference—making it a political issue of minor importance—the result, in all probability, of the wide distribution of printed matter relating to the currency, and of the more general reading of editorials, magazine articles, and books especially devoted to financial questions. Is it too much to hope that, by a like discussion of the principle treated in this paper, though possibly now of but slight general interest, the public may be brought to see that such dis-

cussion is not purely academic; but that there is a practical value attached to the proposed change, if it can be successfully demonstrated thereby that the public moneys will no longer be wasted through lack of knowledge on the part of members of Congress as to the merits of bills offered to them; that distrust and friction between House, Senate, and Executive will largely be removed; and that the requirements of the public service, in all its departments, will be more promptly recognized and provided for by Congress?

EDMUND ARTHUR DODGE.

WHAT IS ROMANTICISM?

CERTAIN things are incapable of definition save through the vague and variable characteristics of their shifting content. This is especially true when we attempt to catalogue subjective phenomena. Not only do form and content vary, but the view point of the makers of terms will change with an ever-widening horizon. This is not arguing to a point; it is simply restating what is patent to every one who surveys dispassionately historical growth. So numerous are the contrarieties which appear in individuals and schools when one considers their attitude toward movements and trends of thought, that one must take a tight grip on his belief in the stability of mental order to prevent a very unpleasant skeptical state.

In politics, with the shifting of the cards, Liberals become Conservatives, and *vice versa*; those of the Right Wing dance with the ordered precision of the minuet to a position on the Left; Agrarians discover suddenly that the urbanities of life are very attractive; and here at home, strangest of all, we find the Protectionist taking a lance for expansion and sound money, while the altruistic Free Trader defends defiantly the rights of home and boundaries. The inherent wisdom of their action will be seen, doubtless, when their struggles have subsided sufficiently to permit redefining their respective attitudes.

The makers of literature are no exception to this inability of man to comprehend a thought movement in its entirety, with its minor shades, now tonic, now neutral. The romanticist of this period is the classicist of a succeeding or a realist in transition: Jean Paul, Dickens, Balzac, Goethe, and Manzoni illumine that remark with telling force. An idealist in emotional aspiration may be a romanticist; an idealist in dignity and poise may be a classicist. The transcendental idealism of Hawthorne and of Emerson are good examples of

this seeming differentiation. We see *Illuminati* and rationalists becoming, with no immediately apparent explanation, romanticists to-day and classicists to-morrow. To accept this observation will count for much in Tieck, Heine, Goethe, Shelley, and Hugo. A philistine may be the heir of either classic or romantic traditions, since even our literary faiths do not endure. The tocsin of a party of one era may very easily become its shibboleth in a succeeding period. Hence the difficulty of labeling a modern classicist or romanticist save in those countries whose traditions lean strongly to one extreme; and even there an intermingling of foreign currents has so strongly disturbed the lode that the literary gravity is affected.

A nation that is inclined, through the critical character of its mind, to stop and think, to pause and reflect concerning its trend and drift, will always have a clearer and truer idea as to the connotation of its social and literary terms. In France, a notable example of such a nation, there is about every decade a subconscious inventory of its stock in trade. The various phenomena, native and foreign, that have come up within that period are carefully accounted for, and are assigned to certain well-defined, preëxistent groups. Should the phenomena prove too recalcitrant for this tabulation, a subdivision is made which will confine them as closely as possible within the established traditions. This is a very satisfactory solution and in every respect simple and natural. It preserves the continuity in French progress and gives an artistic sense of poise to all of its creations.

The English-speaking races are tempted sometimes to question the naturalness of such proceedings. Our literary histories decry frequently the insipidity, puerility, affectation, and thinness of the French muse. England's contempt of France is not an affair of a moment, but is the cumulative crystallization of centuries of misunderstanding. I should say that our frequent inability to appreciate French verse is due to an inherent and radical racial difference. The orderly precision of the French littérateur has no place in the scheme of a Teuton of shadowy reverie and vague speculation. There

are exceptions to this, of course. To our minds come at once the periods of French domination with George II. and Frederick the Great. The insolence of the latter's query "Lessing! who is Lessing?" thrills us to this day! But even the prestige of the brilliant and witty Voltaire, the heir of Louis XIV., did not save Gottsched, a Franco-German, from ignominious defeat at the hands of the passionate and impulsive Germans of the storm and stress movement. And in England, too, the heir of Horace, the perennial Boileau, whose rebirth we can see, despite the romantic atmosphere, in the classic lines of Rostand, fluttered out in the subsequent sentimental school.

This failure of French verse to have more than a transitory hold on the Teutonic mind is intimately connected with a larger question. It is a comparatively easy thing for the student of Greek, Latin, Arabic, or Semitic literature to acquire a relatively true critical appreciation of them. To some extent we find in them the same unaccountable vagaries of the national mind. The difference is great between Æschylus and Sophocles, between the notes of Pindar and Bacchylides and the haunting cry of the Sicilian triumvirate, Bion, Moschus, and Theocritus; the gentle Vergil with the sweet tenderness of tears is essentially different from Horace of the Odes and Epistles; and there is more than difference in treatment and subject between the caressing lilt of Hariri and the soul-haunting minor notes of Omar Khayyám. The gamut is small, however, when compared with that of infinite range of the modern literatures, which, enlarging through the intermingling of race streams, has widened beyond the simple bird tones of the naïve love lyric and made possible the complex instrument for expressing the varied mysterious passions of men. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Browning! Longus, Grimmelshausen, Fielding, Balzac! The steady rise in power in these two literary groups must in all candor be admitted. One might point, likewise, to the Hitopadeça, Æsop, La Fontaine, Gellert, were it not that some one might suggest the modern writers of so-called fables, a literary form

which cannot survive since the occasion for its growth no longer exists.

When we hark back to the time of choral song, of bards, skalds and minstrels, we are forced to feel the want of a prose elegy on the literary forms now dead through more strenuous times. Well might we sing, "Great Pan is dead," in sorrow for the irrecoverable dead, when we face the fact that we must now lament those dear to us in silence or through the familiar lines of the mourning poet. A greater than he who wrote the "Threnody," with his lyrical lament, "O weep for Adonais," seems to us cold and artful beside the simple cry of Theocritus, the croon of the Ossian lines, or the wild mourning chants of the Reds of America, the moving chords of which seem attuned to the sweep of the elements. With the Greeks, when beauty died it took shadowy forms, faintly concrete, to lure the enthralled mind from grief and sorrow. Note Bion's lament for Adonis:

I mourn for Adonis—the Loves are lamenting.
He lies on the hills, in his beauty and death.

This slipping loss is apparent in forms other than the ode and the elegy. It strikes keenly home when we, in moments of larger vision, are able to read with the Greeks back to the times of Pericles and beyond; and the consciousness of our loss is tinged with irrevocable sadness in the thought that that state of folk-consciousness which could produce these literary forms is lost forever. We may be, and in fact are, passing from an individualistic régime into a collectivistic one, but the naïveté and ingenuousness of a former folk-mind cannot be recovered. Occasionally and at rare intervals some of our poets point to the renaissance of popular poetry, to its artless grace and beauty, the telling directness appealing to the universal soul. This is rather in the spirit of our northern ancestry, however, and does not refer to the Greek nature cry. In the former, Mr. John Davidson and Mr. Clinton Scollard have done work which will compare with Scott's Yarrow ballads.

These writers of folk songs and popular ballads, however,

never found a school nor make for higher culture, but have passed swiftly and almost imperceptibly into the race-soul, leaving it to throb with a sense of strange beauty and renewed vigor. Viewed from that standpoint, the literary executors of the unforgotten poets, through whose lips spoke the ballad-loving race, have a greater place in the social study of a country than its makers of artificial verse. Such is the place of Herder, Uhland, the Grimms, the Wartons, Macpherson, Percy, Perrault, and Vogué; and may we never in our periods of the most dominant counter movement forget our debt to these preservers of a priceless tradition! The English broadsides and Herder's "Stimmen der Völker" have caught for all time the transient, fleeting voice of popular poetry, and afford a haven of delight to the tired world-mind where in idle dream and fancy it can rest from the marches of progress and hark back to the bloom of smiling youth. This ingenuous poetry was doubtless a possession of all races in the dawn of their history. Its study has been an important aid in comparative raciology; and in fact has demonstrated clearly that ethnology, in its broadest sense, is absolutely necessary in the interpretation of literature. Through these choral odes, battle chants, and death cries we have an index to the race characters which must always be considered in our survey of the modern literatures, so rich a complex through spiritual and physical miscegenation. Amid the mountain fastnesses of India, the plains of Greece and Italy, the sweeps of the north German marsh fields, or the silences of the blue fiords of the Northland, we have a folk-consciousness which points to a common origin but emotionally variant through the *milieu*.

It is extremely hazardous for the critic in literature to generalize concerning these race currents when dealing with modern instances, unless entrenched safely within the widest possible reading and soundest scholarship. It means something more than that the mind be *de natura* critical. In fact, on the surface, to work successfully it seems that one should have the very opposite quality of mind; that one's appreciations should be intuitive and emotional rather than de-

ductive and intellectual. In the hands of the master minds like Ste. Beuve, Taine, Lemaître, Matthew Arnold, and even at times our own Mr. Mabie, this method (if its processes can be given the dignity of that term) reads literary truths of startling incision and persuasive quality to serve as guide-signs in the interpretation of the trend of the world-spirit moving to its ultimate end and purpose, now with this race or man, now with another, as the signal of its utterance.

This side of literature which has to do with the force of personality, with its varying shades from gray to bright, is as wide as life itself, and should in no way be confused with the purely formal and technical side of criticism. Whether we have before us the sacred lore of the Hindoo and Persian, now burning, now coolly contemplative, the placid objectivity of the Homerian books or the personal note in Vergil, the dreamy imagery of the Northman's myth book, or the impetuous metaphor of the Carlovingian song cycle, the simple folk tales of the Russian peasant, the courtly Nibelungenlied of mediaeval Germany, the flights of fancy in the Celtic Arthurian legends, or the stirring note of struggle in the Beowulf, we see, both in word-formation and imagery, evidence of a single racial mind that has been diverted into several channels through the exigencies of existence.

The scientific study and correlation of these thought movements, apparently inextricable in their intermingling, has made possible the field of synthetic criticism. That which was but dimly foreshadowed in the work of Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Hegel, the younger Schlegel, and Renan is now an accomplished fact, and has become pabulum for high school students. It has become a comparatively easy thesis to show interrelationship especially at that time in the world's history when, through inaccessibility, community of interest did not exist between nations. For example, such relations as the following are demonstrable: Christianity in the different modern literatures; Latin influence of end-rhyme on Teutonic alliteration; influence of Oriental decorative spirit through the Moors; the migrations of the different legendary cycles; the wealth of imagery and scenic shift that threaded

Europe with the returning crusaders; the influence of the lands of romance upon Germany through Provence at the time of Frederic's residence in Palermo; England's debt to Italy through Chaucer and to Provence through the troubadour queen-mother of Richard Cœur-de-Lion; the influence of the English ballad upon the modern ballad through Bürger and Germany. The rich and fertile suggestion offered by the study of these literary and social phenomena has alone enabled Matthew Arnold to write those essays of insuperable charm "On Celtic Literature" and "On Translating Homer;" has informed and directed the inspiration of those famous "Monday-talks" of Ste. Beuve; and has given Mr. Mabie frequently sibylline utterance in his little book on "Literary Interpretations." And the same oracular spirit—directed, however, with greater technical restraint and marshaled with the Latin sense of orderly precision—is seen in the work of the most chaste of modern critics, Brunetière, academician and god of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, whose "Evolution des Genres" is wrought with the scientist's love of truth and continuity, the artist's sense of form and color, and the poet's depth of feeling.

This continuity in literary and social life enables us to reconcile some of the apparently irreconcilable things in discussing the difference between classicism and romanticism, the *bête noire* to students of literary criticism. So extremely trying and exasperating are these unsatisfactory terms that Prof. Kuno Francke, in "Social Forces in German Literature," contends strongly for an act of legislation expunging them from the pages of literature. The impatience of Prof. Francke is a trifle *outré*; but the fact nevertheless remains that when our critics attempt to limit and define these terms they become enmeshed inextricably in a net of contrarieties. It is an almost hopeless task to gather from reviews and summaries, even when their major purpose may be to catch and confine the two fleeting terms, anything adequate to an appreciation of these literary attitudes.

A great many books have appeared, the object of which is to examine, account for, and explain the romantic move-

ment in literature. Save where they limit their scope to a man or period of overweening penchant for this soul attitude, it is quite patent that they pursue a will-o'-the-wisp which eludes their grasp with a smiling fling at the futility of their efforts. Even in such books as Haym's "Die Romantische Schule," Hettner's "Die Romantische Schule," Brunetière's "Le Romantisme Français," Beer's "English Romanticism," and Omord's "Romantic Triumph" the reader is painfully aware that, while the salient characteristics of the movement treated are preëminently what one might call romantic, yet there are certain minor shades or undercurrents which would exclude much of the material in these books, if one insisted upon calling that romantic which is ordinarily so considered by one people at one time. For example, let us take one of the latest books on the subject, that of Mr. Omord on the "Romantic Triumph." It certainly must be a surprise to many of our readers to see numbered among the romanticists Keats, Shelley, Arnold, Carlyle, and Thackeray. "Shades of the classicists!" one can hear them saying. And yet their remonstrance can be explained only through the incompleteness of their conception of romanticism. They agree, perhaps, with Mr. Omord that Gray, Byron, Scott, Tieck, Hawthorne, and Dumas are romantic, but refuse to rank Keats of incomparable beauty with De Musset and Balzac; and this for one of two reasons: either their earlier school definitions separate these men, or their love for the Anglo-Greek in all the sensuous beauty of youth will save Keats from the ignominy of bearing the title that carries with it mawkish sentimentality, wild, incoherent passion, dreamy, listless impracticability, and black-starred *morbidezza*. With them there is no relation between Jane Austen and Zola, between Thackeray and Dumas, Shelley and Baudelaire, Keats and Rossetti. And yet terms of intuitional sources and satisfactory limits will include them all. Higher criticism plays tavern keeper to strange bedfellows. Not only the names just mentioned, but a host of others from every time and clime are assigned by it to common quarters. If we could find somewhere in the shadow-

land of time this hostelry of literary vagabondia, how strange it would seem to find Pope, Vergil, Ronsard, Theocritus, Goethe, and Arnold, *intimes*, reveling in the interchange of soul-confidences with Dante, Villon, Hugo, Byron, Tieck, Scott, Poe and Hawthorne, Pushkin, Leopardi, and Espronçeda.

There is a certain something that serves to join these men. The fact of their differentiation is not more patent than that of their conjunction. It would be folly and sheer conceit for us, in face of what has been said, to presume to say what this may be. Not with our present terms can we seek to catch the fleeting fragrance of that strange passion-flower that blooms only in the poet's heart—the Blue Flower of Novalis. A few of the many attempts to define this flower will, however, serve to point that way. Therefore, in order to see with greater clarity of vision the thing we seek, let us examine some of the general conceptions. Through the adjective "romantic" we derive, perhaps, the widest possible connotation of the noun. There is an appealing sense of mystery, of the weird and strange, in the term. When we speak of romantic scenery, at once there is brought before our inner eye a vision of some spot apart, far from the glare of the market place; the inner recesses of some sylvan retreat, the grotesque shapes of oak- or pine-clad hills; the dark caverns caught in the sea's wild embrace, the whispering, wind-swept plains; the lonely, sea-girt isles, whether the abode of Loti's fisherman, of Paul and Virginia, or rare Ben Gunn, of "Treasure Island." When we speak of romantic architectural accessory, our mind runs with the celerity of intuition to those structures which, wrapped within the gloom of the Goth, become the haunt of the spirits of the past. We care not whether these structures were the product of an age preëminently classic or romantic. Within us there is a silent cry, some dim, vague sense of haunting beauty, a regret for treasure-trove now in the period of decay. The following lines from Poe, with their sweet sadness, voice this eternal world-cry:

Here where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here where on golden throne the monarch lolled
Glides, spectre-like unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornèd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones.

This elegiac note attunes us to a similar mood whether we stand in the presence of the Sphinx and Pyramids, the Parthenon and Coliseum, the Catacombs, the ruined castles and patched portals of Teutonic Europe, or the *passé* log cabin and colonial manor house of America; and the romantic situation is greatly enhanced if we can throw over all the gossamer garment woven by Diana of the moonlight spell. The popular mind has also a certain feeling when it hears of a romantic episode or incident, and will call those writers romantic which deal strongly and lavishly with such situations.

The term is not old. We meet with it at the dawn of the seventeenth century, where it used to characterize those instances in the prolix amorous romances of the Mlle. de Scudéry type, whose sentimental heroines and chivalric heroes are saved from the insipidities of commonplace existence through extravaganzas that must have thrown the mantle of shame on Merlin and Oberon; or where the court intrigues of Asmodeus shift to scenes of painted pomp and splendor with the lords and ladies in picturesque though inane pastoral attitudes.

Social survivals turn up in literature as well as in life. A romantic love with its romantic elopement pursued through romantic adventures by anything but a romantic father is as common to-day as when these things were done just for fun. And to hear our youth cry "How romantic!" in the midst of some woodland fête carries us back to the days of the pseudo-idyllic romances of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is ordinarily inherent in this notion of the romantic some intuitive sense of revolt, insurrection, or sedition. It deals with maidens whom tyrannical fathers or stilted traditions cause to pursue the tortuous path in order to gain their lovers' arms. These situations have been ma-

terially changed in the modern romantic fiction, and differ greatly from the whimsies of those in the earlier romances. Whether due to realistic fiction or to the study of the laws of society, there is greater verisimilitude in the nineteenth century romances. Princess Osra, Lady Mary, and Mistress Percy are not wholly improbable, and I dare say have fired the heart of untold youth in quest of adventure. This, however, is but an incident in the larger life of a nation, although the forbidding of the bans is doubtless a very large element to the contracting parties, and, clearly worked out, is the counter movement in all romances that hold the ear and sway the interest of the reader. The larger question we meet with in Philoctetes, Prometheus, Faust, Don Juan, and Henry the Bell-Maker in Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell;" it is the revolutionary spirit out of tune with the deeper existing social and political questions. It is the theme as it presents itself to those poet-seers, who, caught within the complex traditions of a highly wrought but conventionalized society, seek to rend the social fabric abruptly in order to point the way and hasten the better conditions which they will prepare for mankind. This is the lyric cry of modern times with which we are all familiar. We find it at the dawning of the present era, which ushered in the philanthropic interest for the submerged classes. The leaven in the higher work of Goethe, Manzoni, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning was a kindly love and practical charity inspired with a larger faith and hope for the intentions of the Creator.

With the romance, however, this is different. The love of mystery, solitude, and strange adventure, we have seen, are felt by all to be the essential charm of this literary form. While the term itself is comparatively new, the prompting for the same within the soul is as old as the records of man. To the romance nations belongs the credit, however, of garbing this fascinating offspring as we now know it. These nations rapidly evolved through the union of dreamy, gloomy Goth, sprightly, eerie Celt and prim, matronly Latin, listened with the eager curiosity of children to the tales of the strange South which the Bedouins of the desert, wise with

the mysteries of the stars and the magic of the elements, brought into Europe when these nations were in the formative stage. The names by which Italy, Spain, Provence, Portugal, and France were called, *romans*, was given also to their literature. The nothern nations, given to story-telling, certainly since the beginning of their migrations, as we have every reason to believe from the study of comparative myth and folklore, found something to pique their interest in the tales which came to them by various avenues from the southern countries. To the natural charm of the stories themselves there was added the element of strangeness. Beyond the familiar ken, they found stories betraying a riper culture and a richer variety of life. Answering the momentary need, these stories were at once taken up, imitated, and given the name by which we now know them. But how vast the difference between the incoherent and vague wanderings of the heroes of fiction of that period and the matchless grace and dignity of the romantic hero of to-day, pushed on to his duty by the story-teller, informed of the laws of life and the rules of his art. A story for the story's sake is always good, but to the momentary pleasure is joined a keen intellectual delight when we listen to the prince of entertainers, Robert Louis Stevenson, master of plot and situation, but artist in construction, felicity of phrase, and sentient adjective.

The word "romance," although late, may be said to apply to a certain literary form. The desire for the same and the consequent mental attitude may have existed from the beginnings of the race and beyond, if we believe with Mr. Kipling and Mr. Seton-Thompson. The strange tales on the island at flood time in "The Bridge Builders," the weird whisperings in the Spring Running of the Second Jungle Book, the magnificent career of Lobo, have not been written wholly for the delectation of men. With the human race, however, the one concerning which we can postulate more safely, this love of story is vouched for by the number and nature of the tales which our Aryan progenitors have delighted in since the pale morning twilight of their birth. Epics and ballads, attesting to a highly developed communal

existence, show the handiwork of a group of men whose purpose, inspired in part through religion, in part through their diversion, was to minister to the love of adventure and the sense of the beyond in their auditors. We find in modern fiction no more romantic heroes nor situations than are to be found in these literary and social documents of the earlier periods. The *Odyssey* is more of a romance than a hero-epic. As Prof. Beers says, "The adventures of the wandering Ulysses, the visit to the land of the Lotus-eaters, the encounter with the Loestrygonians, the experiences in the cave of Polyphemus, if allowance be made for the difference in sentiment and manners, remind the reader constantly of the mediæval *romans d'aventure*." Again, Sigurd's coming to Brynhild, Hagen's visit to the court of Attila, the quest of Gudrun, Beowulf's fight with Grendel or the fire-spewing dragon, the rescue of Andromeda, innumerable passages in the *Avesta* and Old Testament, bear witness to an imagination young, undaunted, and insatiable in its appetite. Take the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius or the *Daphnis* version of the Neo-Alexandrine, and how many will not confess that their notion of the late origin of romanticism was suddenly withdrawn when they first took a peep into these enchanting tales! To say all that is not classic—meaning of or after Greece and Rome—is romantic, is to define by partial exclusion; entirely inadequate, however, as we have just seen, when treating referential attitudes like romanticism. And yet it saves for us two of the strongest forces in the interpretation of modern romanticism, without which nothing like a satisfactory appreciation could be obtained—viz., the Celtic tradition in the legends of Arthur's court and its environs, and the Arabic with Sinbad and Sheherazade. These two fructify perennially since their advent into the forest of romanticism. We have seen them blossom forth as new graft at the time of the origin of the present romance nations; but the period of their greatest culture is during the dominance of what is narrowly called the romantic period.

It is not to the purpose to speak at length of this period here. The existing political and social conditions following

the reigns of the *grand monarque* of France, the Stuarts of England, and Frederick the Great of Prussia, made the quest of the Blue Flower an international affair. The impossibility for the fertile talents and brilliant geniuses to move within the symmetrical gardens of Le Nôtre and a police surveillance which made them "keep off the grass" caused them to seek in literary pursuits more pleasant avenues. Some turned their mind inward and sought to live in pleasing, though sad, introspection the life of past ideals, when beauty was as the winds, now softly lapping and caressing, now wildly tearing and shrieking, but always natural and rhythmic; others, more manly and vigorous, interpreted the spirit of the age in terms of progress and aspired to reach the heights, even though the way might be red with carnage and pillage. The individual contradictions are striking but reconcilable. It accounts for the love of the tenderness of Christ and the mystically beautiful in Schleiermacher, Novalis, Blake, as opposed to the love of the grand, titanic, and fiery in Victor Hugo, Byron, and Wagner. In modern times it accounts for the simultaneous career of Björnson and Ibsen, of Sudermann and Hauptmann, of Allen and Hardy, of Cawein and Davidson; with greater emphasis, however, in the case of Stevenson and Kipling. In them we see both the restlessness and dissatisfaction with existing conditions, and the vague and haunting desire, the passionate longing and infinite aspiration, which characterized the literary output of the age. In the former there was the deep love for those periods in the past which emphasized and gave free play to those things for which they struggled. They found their ideals most satisfactorily expressed in the Middle Ages. Even Heine was serious enough once to read this aright. He says in his "Die Romantische Schule:" "The effort of the romanticist was naught save the renascence of the poetry of the Middle Ages manifesting itself in its songs, art, and life." This poetry has a certain character, not so definite, perhaps, as that of the Greek and Latin, but sufficiently so to point a contrast. Its greater tone and color qualities, its aspiration and sense of mystery pointing to a life beyond, its

Christian symbolism and love of motley detail, its disordered fancy intertwining, in laughing pathos and the bitterness of smiles, classic chaplets and satyrs' ears, haunt us with a sense of definition, but elude our terms. To call it pictur-esque is to give it the widest possible connotation, since it leaves the classic well defined in the statuesque.

The symmetry of line and form, the objective placidity of repose, the classic sufficiency, are wanting to mediæval art. In either form or period, however, we must not think that the opposite extreme is entirely wanting. We speak here only of the dominant characteristics. The quest of the Grail, the wanderings of Parzival, the lost love of Elsa, the burial of Guenevere, are essentially different from the definite tasks of Achilles and Hercules. Whether from Celt or Teuton, the northern imagination ran riot in enchanted forests where, under the moonlight's spell, magic potions and prophetic mirrors were used to lift the veil of the Unspeakable One and dimly behold the weird and mystic beauties beyond. It was the time of secret tribunal, mystic and monastic orders, winding turret stairs, moated castles and donjon keeps; of landscapes set with brooding streams and overhanging willows, impetuous cascades sweeping down rocky, pine-clad slopes; dark and lowering skies only momentarily broken to fill with distant hope and delight the mystic stretches of blue beyond; the nameless terror and delight in the measureless forest pool, bordered by the whispering reaches of the pond sedge. This is the spirit that informs and inspires the art and life of the Middle Ages. We sometimes call it the Gothic imagination, or the *Esprit Gaulois*, which, since the time of the Ossianic literature, Chatterton, the "Ballad Revival," Herder, German "Storm and Stress," Tieck, Novalis, Coleridge, Scott, Rückert, Hawthorne, Poe, Hugo, and Mérimée has leavened the temperament of the modern literatures, the informing spirit of which, despite the efforts of the pseudo-classicists, is romantic. Seldom does one see this temperamental difference in the lyric sense so exquisitely and feelingly expressed as by Annie Fields in the following lines to Theocritus:

Ay! unto thee belong
The pipe and song,
Theocritus—
Loved by the satyr and the fawn!
To thee the olive and the vine,
To thee the Mediterranean pine
And the soft-lapping sea!
Thine, Bacchus,
Thine the blood-red revels,
Thine the bearded goat!
Soft valleys unto thee,
And Aphrodite's shrine,
And maidens veiled in falling robes of lawn!
But unto us, to us,
The stalwart glories of the North;
Ours is the sounding main,
And ours the voices uttering forth
By midnight round these cliffs a mighty strain;
A tale of viewless islands in the deep
Washed by the waves' white fire;
Of mariners rocked asleep
In the great cradle, far from Grecian ire
Of Neptune and his train;
To us, to us,
The dark-leaved shadow and the shining birch,
The flight of gold through hollow woodland driven;
Soft dying of the year with many a sigh,
These, all, to us are given!
And eyes that eager evermore shall search
The hidden seed, and, searching, find again
Unfading blossoms of a fadeless spring;
These, these, to us!
The sacred youth and maid,
Coy and half afraid,
The sorrowful earthly pall,
Winter and wintry rain,
And Autumn's gathered grain,
With whispering music in their fall;
These unto us!
And unto thee, Theocritus,
To thee,
The immortal childhood of the world,
The laughing waters of an inland sea,
And beckoning signal of a sail unfurled!

May we then call romanticism the ceaseless and hopeless longing to realize objectively the inner aspirations, the fleeting desire to catch and fix for all time these secret whisper-

ings pointing to a greater beauty beyond the actual? When man is content with his handiwork, and can say to the speeding phantoms of his creative fancy, "Stay, thou art so fair," we have a moment in classicism. When these things are pointed with the precision of art and have order in their beauty, grace and dignity in repose, and create a sense of perfect rest, they become the permanent things in art and life, and are assigned a niche in the "Palais des Beaux Arts." These things men can study and imitate; schools spring up. But after all, they live through the genius of the maker. Wanting this, the clever imitator, however facile in the technique of his art, will in time shame the master and bring discredit upon the school. These are the times of romantic revolt, of mighty passion. But strange to say, these lawless and disordered souls seldom add in enduring fame directly to the temple of their art. Inspired, wanton, destructive, they attack the false rules of art and the petty conventions of life and prepare the way either for themselves in later life or for others in a subsequent period, to a grand, noble, and lofty state which, exercised in self-restraint and artistic complacency, alone makes the creation of the highest art possible.

Romanticism becomes, then, the personal, the temperamental force in literature, vague and undefined. It works through suggestion and intuition, and deals with symbols rather than concrete images. By exclusion, classicism, in a narrow sense, may be spoken of as a form, a visualized fact. It is the spirit that shapes; it is the force that marshals and directs the dreams of our imagination and the conceits of our fancy. At the one extreme we meet Pope, Boileau, Gottsched; at the other, Novalis, De Musset, and perhaps Byron; at the converging apex stand the masters, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Alfieri, Hugo, Poe.

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THE TREND OF MODERN LITERATURE.

AT the beginning of a new century the conspicuous characteristic of literature is its striving to break down all barriers of speech and race and become world literature. There has become one standard of comparison and thought everywhere—a breadth of view which is coextensive with that of humanity itself. The test is more and more growing to be the truth to common human impulses and living. It is as characteristic of our literature as of our life—our social experience, our dress, our manners, and our habits. The cosmopolitan is at home everywhere; he feels intuitively the demands the occasion makes and finds it a natural delight to respond to them. Therefore the passing of all purely provincial literature, whether in Europe or in America, in the New England or the Southern States. Not that literature may not be located anywhere and derive from any source; but, however seemingly local in origin and provincial in outward aspect, its ultimate appeal must be the wider reaches of a common humanity and that of truth itself.

If we seek for examples, we can find a number of instances ready at hand, though perhaps the foreign literatures help us here more than our own, because we know what appeals to us in them and cannot be quite so confident as to the vogue of our own national or racial expression with others. For an earlier age Goethe was the first great conscious cosmopolitan in modern literature, and it is singular how fresh he seems to those just discovering him and finding in him most modern literary principles and methods already clearly laid down and exemplified. But coming to our own day, no one thinks of Count Tolstoy, and possibly Maxim Gorky, as merely Russian. Based, true, upon specifically Russian conditions, the spirit of their writings presses beyond to the free world of universal experience. Mere curiosity and notoriety cannot satisfactorily explain that their late works

have found immediate translation into the language of every prominent nationality. Common sociological problems and a common ethical foundation connect them with the remotest corner of the civilized world. We do not think of Ibsen and Björnson as isolated in their Scandinavian peninsula, and as provincial from writing in a comparatively unknown speech. They are soon translated and read of mankind. A critic like Dr. George Brandes, recalling the days of Sainte-Beuve and Taine, though belonging to as infinitesimal portion of the globe as Denmark, may have his opinions remarked upon at the antipodes. It may be affirmed of both the young Hauptmann and Sudermann that they belong in common to Europe as well as specifically to the new German Empire. And Nietzsche, demoralizing and upturning as his doctrines seem to be, has had to be reckoned with by the thinkers and moralists of every race. The vogue of the Belgian Maeterlinck is as marked in the salons of Paris as of his own Brussels, and the echoes thereof are not wanting in London and New York. The appearance of a book by the late M. Zola in France was a world occurrence, and we are not yet done discussing the finer art of Daudet and de Maupassant. And a representative of the criticism which finds its current expression in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has been imported time and again to lecture before Harvard and other American universities.

Indeed, perhaps of French and Scandinavian and Russian literatures alone at the end of the nineteenth century can it be safely predicated that they have fulfilled in the broadest sense the conditions of world literatures. Even the great masters in English literature after the wonderful careers of Scott, Byron, and Charles Dickens, have possibly been merely affected by world movements, and have acted chiefly as interpreters of these movements for the English race, whether we consider Tennyson and Browning, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, or George Eliot and George Meredith. But here, again, we must except the writers of science like Darwin and Herbert Spencer. Of the Frenchmen, Balzac is still a growing power; and those whose centenaries have just

been celebrated—Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas—though preceded and doubtless influenced themselves by the British Scott and Dickens, remain still vital forces, the one for titanic energy and the preaching of humanity, and the other for the creation of an historical fiction of dazzlingly brilliant hues.

Even in countries like Hungary and Poland that we ordinarily do not turn to for models we find geniuses alike in science, music, and literature. In letters the Hungarian Maurus Jokai has given us intense pictures of national existence, and the Polish Sienkiewicz has wrought broad historical canvases animated with life. In America there are perhaps only two or three who have provoked countercurrents of thought and art in Europe—Fenimore Cooper, Edgar Allan Poe, and Walt Whitman—and two of these we have ourselves very largely rejected. In such a recognition one does not necessarily lend himself to every note that has been struck by these writers. Indeed, they are so varied and belong to such different schools that these notes would in many ways be discordant. And yet, however bewildered and surprised at first, we have come to see that the appeal in the majority of cases is as wide as humanity itself even when it attacks narrow ideals in Church or State, in education or social being, and even though our dearest idols may sometimes lie shattered.

With regard to our English and American literature, it is, of course, impossible to make any prophecy. We have seen the popularity of the analytical novel followed at the very heels by a tidal wave of historical romance—the latter derived in part from Scott, but in its special mannerisms more from the Frenchman, Dumas. Yet one is a superficial reader who does not see that, with all his romance and color, Scott never neglected human character. His pictures of Scotch life and portrayals of the Scots' character will last, because he knew his Scotland and portrayed it as none other. In truth, he was the Great Wizard. Another Scotsman not so long passed away, Robert Louis Stevenson, whose "Life" and "Letters" we have of late been eagerly reading, told us

tales, it is true, but he had learnt, too, from George Meredith or some other, also truth of character. Had he lived to complete the "Weir of Hermiston," it might have throbbed with genuine and psychologically true human passion. However far the realists and naturalists may have gone on one side, it cannot be denied that a fuller psychology, a closer approach to life, a better naturalness in art, is the characteristic of most of the literature, especially fiction, of the last quarter of a century. On the other hand, no historical novel or imaginative romance can be taken seriously as a work of permanent fiction that does not give a faithful transcript of some life and give an answer to some question of the mind and soul. Genuine imagination must not be lacking in the veritablest photograph of human experience, nor must a vital reality be wanting to the fanciful re-creation of a past day.

If we care to apply this principle to our late flood of historical fiction in America, we may be able to pass some sort of judgment not too far wrong. A setting of historical interest attracts of itself, and much is already done and exists at hand for the artist; but if the characters be not imaginatively true, psychologically true, true as "Hamlet" and "Othello" are real and true—of whom no one ever thinks of asking whether they actually lived or not—it matters not how many hairbreadth escapes there are, how beautiful the heroine, and how many times the hero saves her life, how intense and thrilling we think it at the time, and how many thousand copies are sold. Unless we can come back to the characters as living and as doing some of the things we have to do, and solving some of the riddles we have to answer, as borne along or crushed by fortune as may happen to us in some measure—unless we can revert to the book some three or four years later, and still find a truth of character and a justness to something in life—then the book is not vital, and is not in the line of future development. The world's insight into and study of character are becoming something finer and more delicate. They are growing more subtle, more true, and the writers of our world literature are writers for the entire world just because they see life finely and know it

largely in some of its many phases, and portray it thus accurately and delicately or broadly, as the case may be.

Nor does this intend by any means to limit prose literature to fiction. To write a successful biography demands the same intimate knowledge of character and truth of life. We resent a fulsome panegyric or unfair detraction, and demand a faithful portrayal of the man himself. To be a modern historian in the best sense requires the broadest culture and the most intimate grasp of man and man's interests in their many relations to life. Even to write travel entertainingly one must bring much human nature to bear himself and enter closely into the life of the people he is describing. More and more it is getting true of all forms of literature that standards are growing as our conceptions are widening. Writings in the sphere of art and philosophy, and criticism and science, are specifically based on truth as all investigation seeks after truth and ends in truth. And poetry, the supreme height of all literary art, transcends by its very nature the limitations of time and place; while the drama, from its very name, seeks to represent the actualities of life itself. The literature of power as contradistinguished from the literature of knowledge, must be powerful, and ideals will never lose their hold on the human intellect and feelings; but this sort of literature, too, cannot afford to be ignorant of fundamental scientific data and methods.

Literature in America is undergoing the same development, and specifically the writers in the Southern States are coming and must come under the same influences. If they are standing for mere fancy and sentimentality, and not essential truth, they will fail. If they still hold a defensive attitude in thought, and are content with radiant pictures of bygone days with looks turned backward, and are occupied with explanations of a past in which the world has chiefly an historical interest, to the neglect of great vital, pressing, throbbing matters of the present in social and economic and spiritual conditions, they **are** apt to be merely local and temporary and provincial, holding aloof from the paths of time and destiny. But if they can draw from this local color

and these surrounding conditions the fundamentally human, the historically and economically just, the eternally true, apart from creed, from party, and from section, because true of all sections and parties and creeds, they can hope to get a hearing. Not that historical subjects will not be treated too, but they will be considered more and more in the light of the widest experience and fullest aspiration. Our Southern literature, if one may use a term which is rapidly passing, was for a long time necessarily almost purely romantic. It gave largely the picturesque exterior, revealed a beautiful setting, rich color, and unique conditions; but did not get very far beneath the surface nor go to the heart of things in many cases. At first, the type was novel and attractive, because hitherto largely unexpressed and unknown. But let the novelty wear off, and we are no longer surprised, and must confess to growing tired. Hence the limitations and wearisomeness of the dialect story as mere dialect, and the charge of a repetition of types and a seeming lack of forward movement in the literature produced in the Southern States after the first splendid summer of Mr. Cable, Mr. Page, and Mr. Harris twenty or more years ago. Those of us, for instance, acquainted with the Cumberland plateau think something more is needed for a story than a lank son of the soil lazily drawling in a seventeenth century dialect of English.

But this same literature, which was at first freely romantic, dealing with the type, had to develop and deepen, if there were to be those still commanding the public ear. It is not difficult to note that less and less reliance is being placed upon the mere setting, and more and more emphasis is laid upon the essential truth of character and life. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, after his success in "Uncle Remus"—a contribution to the folklore of the world, that was universal in its appeal—has produced some faithful pictures of his immediate surroundings, in which as a draughtsman of the essentials of humor and human nature he proves himself among the first in our contemporary American literature. Mr. James Lane Allen, in his love of Kentucky traits, beginning with the portrayal of outward Kentucky landscape, has not yet

left Kentucky physically—which also he may yet do—but he has left Kentucky actually and spiritually in a sketch like the “Kentucky Cardinal” and in such suggestive experiments as “Summer in Arcady” and “The Reign of Law.” Without saying that the evolution needed to take these precise steps, these last books have been criticised by many who failed to see that literature in the South, to go forward, had to fasten roots below the mere surface of the soil, that the notes struck had to give forth also some somber tones in order to ring true and touch home.

The best, the brightest, the truest, is what the world asks for—nothing false in fact, weak in sentiment, unreal in imagination, untrue in art. If our civilization can produce this best—and there is no reason to suppose that with time it cannot and will not—those who live in the twentieth century, ascertain its needs, divine its ideals, grasp its humanitarian and social movements—for the future is always with liberalism, and with a stronger, fuller humanity and seldom for long retroactive and reactionary—the people of one section as well as another can and will contribute their share to the thinking forces of mankind, to the work of an ever-evolving humanity, and to ever higher reaches of literature and art.

This, then, it seems, is the trend of modern literature. It means more reality, more psychology, more truth to life, less dialect, less mere adventure, less of the adventitious, even though we have seen enough of such qualities of late. These last may die, for other adventures may prove just as fascinating as these to readers to come; but a true character, once successfully achieved, cannot easily perish. It will be better understood, therefore, what is meant by using the phrase the passing of Southern literature. There will be no such thing in a few years, and it is not certain that there is any such thing any more to-day.

Mr. Harris, Mr. Allen, and others, will succeed, and deserve to succeed, not as Southerners but as literary men, as workers and artists, judged by standards not merely to-day and in Kentucky or Georgia or Tennessee or New York, but by a world of readers and critics and truth lovers.

Therefore, in its ultimate conception, if this literary movement is to succeed—and we seek nothing but success with the best—there can thus be no such thing as Southern literature, any more than there can and ought to be specific Southern law or divinity or medicine or electricity. We shall then no longer discuss whether we ought to study Southern literature in the schools, as was earnestly considered recently at teachers' conventions in more than one State, but rather the question as to how much time may be devoted to the study of Literature, which constitutes the major portion of the Humanities, whether in ancient or in modern dress, and which from a long experience it has been found both ennobles and fortifies life. In our education we shall always seek out the best as of right toward our children; and if in this selection there may also be included the names of men and women from among us as from other corners of the globe, we shall accept them and listen to them for no mere personal or geographical reason, but for their wisdom, their insight, their art, and their eternal truth. JOHN BELL HENNEMAN.

THE PLAYS OF VICTOR HUGO.

IN 1885, when the world had not yet recovered from the shock of Victor Hugo's death, his most enraptured admirers, following the lead of the explosive Mr. Swinburne, hailed him as one of the great dramatic poets of the world. Time has a little tempered this ecstatic judgment, and we are now able to look upon the plays of this extraordinary and versatile man with more of calmness and of sanity. Powerful and captivating they certainly are, and imbued with many of the prime excellences of dramatic composition; but they are also marked with numerous shortcomings which prevent them from being classed with what is greatest in the theater of the world.

Victor Hugo was born one of the chief lyrists of all time; but a great lyric poet may or may not succeed when he bends his energies to composition for the theater. Goethe tried it, and failed; Schiller attempted it, and succeeded. But Hugo was more than a mere poet. He was born also with the instincts of a novelist, with an extraordinary mastery of thrilling incident, a keen eye for picturesque effect, a grasp on the more obtrusive aspects of human character, and an instinctive feeling for the antithesis between the beautiful and the ugly, the grotesque and the sublime. There was something intensely theatrical in Victor Hugo's personality, and a vein of staginess recurs incessantly throughout his work. It would seem, therefore, that when this great artist, possessing at once a gift for the lyrical, the novelistic, and the theatrical, turned his attention seriously and conscientiously to dramatic composition he would inevitably produce plays worthy to be ranked near to those of Shakespeare and of Molière. But this Victor Hugo failed to accomplish.

The secret of this failure appears to be that in Victor Hugo the dramatist the talents of the lyric poet are but imperfectly united with those of the theoric novelist. His plays

are either too lyrical or too mechanical, too theoric or too poetic. In *Les Burgraves* the dramatist is lost in the poet, and in *Marie Tudor* the dignified poet of the theater is shrouded in the garb of the hack playwright. Either Hugo's claptrap cankers his poetry, or his poetry runs away with his theatrical cleverness. In none of his pieces are these two talents wedded with perfect harmony. This, it seems to me, is the chief reason why we cannot consider him as a worthy compeer of Sophocles and Molière, Shakespeare and Ibsen.

Victor Hugo has always been noted for the precocity of his literary talent, and it is interesting to know that he tried his hand at dramatic composition almost as early as at lyric poetry. When he was but fourteen years of age, he wrote a tragedy called *Irénâère*; and the next year he composed an *Athalie*, following the formula of the classicists. Before he was sixteen he completed an *opéra-comique*; and in his nineteenth year he wrote an *Amy Robsart*, based upon Scott's "Kenilworth." None of these juvenilia have been preserved; but in the interesting volume entitled *Victor Hugo Raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie* we may read the text of *Inez de Castro*, a romantic melodrama composed at the age of sixteen. This work is very puerile—the exposition, in particular, being crude—but it is interesting as a prefiguration of the romantic tenor of its author's later plays. The second act contains a fairly effective scene between Inez, Pèdre, and the king; and the whole is decked in the glittering paraphernalia of Hugo's habitual manner. Poison is, of course, employed; and in the last act the youthful author even introduces the ghost of the dead Inez. This early effort is worthless as a dramatic composition, but serves as an index to the influences which the playwright felt in his adolescence.

From the very beginning, Hugo was an ardent romanticist. He was a born leader, and it was but natural that the young revolutionary poets of the day should rally around him. The walls of classicism were crumbling to decay when Hugo, flushed with the fervor of youthful energy, sounded the summons to assault and flaunted the banner of literary freedom. The well-known *Preface to Cromwell*—the Declara-

tion of Independence of this dramatic revolution—was published in 1827, and in it was outlined the creed of the romanticists. Hugo disavowed the unities of time and place, proclaimed the supreme importance of *action* in the drama, demanded a return to nature in diction, pleaded for a freer use of verse, and supported the mingling of the grotesque with the terrible.

The *Preface to Cromwell* is one of the ablest critical manifestoes ever published; and after reading it, we naturally look forward to a work of unusual excellence in the drama itself. In this, however, we are disappointed. Hugo planned the play for Talma, who died before it was finished; and, despairing of having his piece adequately acted, the author completed it in a desultory manner, allowing his poetry to lead him astray into labyrinthine bypaths, almost entirely ruining the theatrical effectiveness of the drama. The piece, as we have it, is at least three times too long; but if we laboriously dissect it, we can find in it elements which, if carefully sifted, might be made into an acting play. The figure of the humorous Rochester is the best-drawn character in the piece. His scenes with Lady Francis, the daughter of Cromwell, and with Dame Guggligoy are distinctly amusing; and, taken by themselves, might easily be made into a good three-act play. Throughout the almost interminable drama are scattered many excellent scenes. The diverse pictures of the Cavalier and the Puritan conspirators in the first act are full of spirit, although the poet's treatment of the Puritans degenerates into caricature. There is a touch of pathos in Scene IV. of Act II., when Cromwell sees how unhappy his greatness has made his wife and daughters; and the passages between the four fools of Cromwell are playfully executed. Cromwell's entrance in the last act is admirably worked up. The crowd is finely handled; and, up to the long speech in which Cromwell refuses the crown, the movement of the act is progressively climacteric. Many of the scenes of the play are pictorially effective; much of the humor is spontaneous, and several passages ring with a note of lyric eloquence.

In spite of these excellences, however, *Cromwell* is a gi-

gantic failure. Its main intrigue is buried under an avalanche of extraneous stuff; and, in spite of its extraordinary length, the play fails to give the impression of breadth of scope. The plotting is arbitrary and occasionally quite puerile, many of the asides and constructive soliloquies being very primitive. The fourth act, in which Cromwell, disguised as a sentinel, bandies *double ententes* with his intended assassins, and soliloquizes for pages without being heard by the men who are standing by his side, is a ridiculous specimen of arbitrary dramaturgic construction.

Considered as a reflection of history, *Cromwell* is but a laughable caricature. The central figure himself is a reproduction of the conventional stage Richelieu, inoculated with some of the obvious characteristics of the stage Richard III. Ambitious, hypocritical, and cruel, bloody, unscrupulous, and vain, Hugo's Cromwell struts and frets his many hours upon the stage armed in the theoretic panoply of a colossal villain; but he bears no more resemblance to the Cromwell of history than Hamlet to Hercules.

While *Cromwell* was written in his twenty-fifth year, all of Hugo's habitual mannerisms are already apparent in it. His love for picturesque effect; his almost invariable use of masked doorways, daggers, and poison; his employment of suspense and surprise; above all, that constant hankering after the striking effects gained by the employment of antithesis, which is the most marked characteristic of Victor Hugo's literary style—all appear full-blown in this first of his published plays.

Cromwell was a disappointment, both to the young romanticists and, I dare say, to Hugo himself. It had failed to fulfill the promise of its preface; and its author set to work to write another play to vindicate the stand which he had taken in the dramatic world. During the month of June, 1829, he composed *Marion Delorme*. The play was accepted and rehearsed; but its representation was prohibited by the censors, because it was suspected that the character of Louis XIII. embodied a libel against the king, Charles X. Undaunted by this setback, Hugo turned his hand to another

subject which he had by him, and in three weeks completed *Hernani*. The play was produced at the Théâtre Français on February 25, 1830.

The story of this famous *première* has been too often told and retold to be repeated here. For hours the classicists and the romanticists struggled over every scene and every line of the play, until at last the younger champions came off triumphantly victorious. Looking at the drama from an unprejudiced standpoint, now that the smoke and confusion of that ardent battle have cleared away, much of the fame of *Hernani* seems undoubtedly due to its early *succès de scandale*. This melodrama is probably more widely known than any other of Victor Hugo's dramatic compositions; but yet after all, if examined closely, it appears to be hardly more than what Goethe called it—"an absurd production." Picturesqueness and moving force it has in abundance; and in spite of the fact that the life which it depicts is utterly unreal, it is imbued throughout with an interesting theatricism. The repartee of the first act is clever; and the exposition is terse, direct, and rapid. The love scenes are rendered with a great deal of lyric fervor, and Hugo's great poetic power makes their passionate ardor very moving. The vein of sardonic humor which runs through Don Carlos during the first three acts is also interesting.

But the play has faults of construction and of characterization heavy enough to outweigh all of these excellences. One or two well-known critics have called attention to the fact that every act except the last ends with some one's saving somebody else's life. The melodramatic effectiveness of the picture scene—which, in many ways, is the best situation in the play—is simply worked to death. It is claptrap pure and simple, and even the harmony of Hugo's verse cannot drown the creaking of its mechanism. The fourth act is almost totally extraneous. The celebrated monologue of Don Carlos is fine poetically, but very tedious when considered from the point of view of theatrical representation. No act can be made out of a soliloquy which has practically no connection with the rest of the play, even though, considered

as an individual poem, the speech itself may possess extraordinary power. We should naturally expect the noble and generous Ruy Gomez to pardon Hernani at the end of the fourth act, when Don Carlos points the way to general clemency; but the old man stubbornly proceeds to plot the cruel catastrophe. This is both arbitrary and unnatural; and while the last act is rendered with a great deal of lyric charm, and some of the love speeches are of exquisite beauty, the insistence of Ruy Gomez on his cruel purpose is without adequate motive.

Hernani is a cheap melodrama disguised in a garb of gorgeous verse. The plot is always arbitrary, and often ridiculous; and the characters, except perhaps Don Carlos, are tediously wooden. The catastrophe of this play never seems inevitable, and whatever pathos it has arises from the beautiful color of its verse rather than from the expression of human emotions by living characters. The statement, in the last act, that Hernani has brought the catastrophe down upon his own head because he has relinquished his purpose of slaying the king, his benefactor, is far from convincing. In fact, this part of the plot—the hereditary enmity of Hernani against Don Carlos—is badly sorted with the love story. Furthermore, Ruy Gomez's delay in postponing the blast of his trumpet until the wedding night of the condemned lovers is inexcusably cowardly and cruel.

As a drama, *Hernani* is much inferior to its contemporary, *Marion Delorme*. I am inclined to think that the latter is the greatest of all Hugo's plays; at any rate, it shows a remarkable superiority to its predecessors on the boards. Unlike *Cromwell*, it possesses great dramatic unity; and unlike *Hernani*, its plot is no longer evidently arbitrary. Its characters, moreover, are finely drawn. Saverny, a gay young gallant, whose merry raillery permeates the action—keenly alive to whatever humor may be found in even the most serious situations, and capable of pointing out, with affected gravity, the orthographic errors in his own death warrant—is excellently contrasted with Didier, the hero of the action, a poetic idealist, dreamy, morbid, emotional, and constitu-

tionally melancholy. Marion, in the past, has been the mistress of Saverny and of numerous other nobles; but she is now reclaimed to a better life by her true love for Didier, and so completely is she exalted by this noble and enduring affection that we can feel only pity at her tragic fate. Many of the other characters in this play are admirably delineated. Chief among them is the figure of the king, Louis XIII. He is an indolent, weak-minded, *ennuyé* creature, heartless, contrary, and paradoxical. He is at once stubborn and easily influenced, melancholy, and yet withal cognizant of the humor of his position as a phantom king in the grasp of the rigorous cardinal. The proud old nobleman Nangis is another happy sketch.

Marion Delorme has many merits besides its character-drawing. A jovial humor hovers about the person of Saverny and pervades the whole drama, while not infrequently the tragic passages of the play rise to heights of poetic eloquence. The love scenes between Marion and Didier possess great lyric beauty, with a touch of moving pathos. The duel at the end of the second act, and the scene in the third act which leads to the discovery and arrest of both Saverny and Didier, are both very effective dramatically. The last act contains verses of intense tragic pathos, and works up to a grand dramatic climax, culminating with the passage over the stage of the relentless Cardinal Richelieu.

This play unites perhaps better than any other of Hugo's the elements of humor and tragic passion, and admirably embodies the principles expressed in the *Preface to Cromwell*. It is interesting to note in this connection the badinage of the officers in Act II., as their dispute over the merits of Corneille is not without application to the dramatic struggle of 1830. "Quel style!" cries one of the officers, condemning the "Cid."

"Il nomme à tout propos les choses par leurs noms."

Marion Delorme, perhaps, comes nearer to being a true tragedy than any of Hugo's other pieces. In regard to the characters of Didier and Marion the tragic catastrophe seems

inevitable from the first, and the play gains an atmosphere of fatality hardly to be found in Hugo's other dramas.

Hugo's next piece, *Le Roi s'Amuse*, was brought out at the Théâtre Français in November, 1832. It was acted but a single night, its subsequent production being prohibited because of the evil light which it cast on Francis I. Considered as a work of art, this play is hardly less successful than *Marion Delorme*. The light and easy wit which scintillated throughout the earlier piece still flits through the somber mazes of the latter. To this is united a vast fund of tragic pathos; and there can be no doubt that the lyric fluency of Hugo's dramatic verse finds its climax in this play. The central conception of *Le Roi s'Amuse* is at once striking and powerful. Triboulet, the king's jester, a creature both physically and morally deformed, relieves the monotonous misery of his existence by abetting the lawless pleasures of his licentious master. A single star beams through the moral blackness which enshrouds the jester's life. He has a beautiful daughter, Blanche, whom he loves with all of the passionate ardor which for years has been dammed up in his heart. But his life has been pitilessly cruel, and retribution is to seize him in his tenderest point. His own daughter falls a victim to the lust of the king; and when he plots vengeance against his royal master, Blanche is killed with the dagger thrust which he intended for the king.

This semigrotesque, but yet appalling, conception is executed with remarkable imaginative detail. The great speech, in the first act, in which M. de Saint-Vallier, an aged nobleman, denounces the dishonor of his daughter and calls down a curse upon the heads of Triboulet and the king, is one of the most eloquent of Hugo's sustained passages of dramatic versification. In the second act there is a deal of pathos in the long soliloquy in which Triboulet reveals the bitter irony of his jester's life. The haunting memory of M. de Saint-Vallier's curse chants through his reverie like the prophetic chorus of a Greek tragedy. The subsequent scene between Triboulet and Blanche is rendered with the moving tenderness of Hugo's lyric power. A little too theatrical, perhaps,

is the device by which the jester is made unwittingly to assist in the seizure of his own daughter; but, at any rate, it is very effective.

The king's character is best brought out in the third act. Tremendous dramatic irony is centered in Triboulet when he bandies witticisms with the courtiers while Blanche is being dishonored, and later on this is contrasted with the jester's frantic grief at his daughter's disgrace. The last act represents, perhaps, the height of Hugo's tragic pathos; and Triboulet's last speech over the dead body of his daughter is almost Elizabethan in its fervid intensity.

This play, together with *Marion Delorme*, represents the climax of Hugo's dramatic power. The chief characters are drawn with a careful attention to detail, the incidents are plotted with a skill which fixes the reader's interest throughout, and the progress of the action is apparently inevitable. The woe of Triboulet seems all the more poignant when we reflect that he has wrought his own misery. The bitter irony of the jester's existence and his deep-seated misanthropy are powerfully reconciled with that worshipful affection for his daughter through which he is to be stricken to the heart. Triboulet resembles a work of Gothic art, in which the grotesque is blended with the sublime. *Le Roi s'Amuse* is a perfectly moral play, and Hugo's defense of it in his preface is well founded.

Hugo's next three plays are in prose, and this change in style marks a corresponding degeneration in tone. From poetic elevation, Hugo descends, in his prose plays, to mechanical theatricism. Divested of the glamour of his engaging verse, his dramatic muse appears nothing but a gaunt, though well-articulated, skeleton. Hugo's prose pieces give us plots without characters, and daggers and poison without life. Thrilling they often are, but they fail to touch the springs of æsthetic emotion. Considered even from the standpoint of construction, they are markedly inferior to the plays in verse. In his prose melodramas Hugo's expositions become bald and conventional, he overworks his dramatic effects, and his curtain-falls become painfully theatrical. At

the same time his airy humor disappears, the ripple of merriment which danced through *Marion Delorme* no longer recurs, and his plays become cold and harsh and cruel. Cynical wit and grinning grotesqueness are present in abundance, but spontaneous gayety can no longer be found.

Lucrèce Borgia, the first of the prose pieces, was acted in 1833. It exposes the character of this hideous woman, whose crimes are hardly palliated by her tender love for her son Gennaro. The latter does not learn that Lucrèce is his mother until he has stabbed her to the heart and she falls dying in his arms. The exposition of the play is poor, and the pathos of many of its chief scenes is marred by the grating of their mechanism. A certain ghastly cynicism appears in the figure of Guberta; but otherwise the somber melodrama is absolutely devoid of comic relief. The pleading of Lucrèce for Gennaro's life, in the second act, is not so moving as the author meant it to be; but her sudden outburst, "Ah! prenez garde à vous, *Don Alphonse de Ferrare, mon quatrième mari!*", is very effective. The famous supper scene in the last act is thrilling, in spite of its evident mechanism. The antithesis of the drinking song and the chant of the monks is strong; and the entrance of Lucrèce is well worked up. The catastrophe, however, is too prolonged, and the curtain-fall a little too theatric.

Lucrèce Borgia is a frank melodrama, divested of every glimpse of poetry. Many features of the piece, especially the dramatic irony of the passages between Lucrèce and Gennaro, are a little overworked. In the last act, however, Hugo demonstrates a tremendous mastery of pure *situation*, with aiding pictorial accessories. The characterization is poor throughout the play; and the piece fails to touch the heart, like *Marion Delorme* and *Le Roi s'Amuse*. In fact, it is the most *unhuman* of Hugo's dramas.

In his preface, Hugo calls attention to the fact that the central idea of this play is similar to that of *Le Roi s'Amuse*. He says: "*La paternité sanctifiant la difformité physique, voilà Le Roi s'Amuse; la maternité purifiant la difformité morale, voilà Lucrèce Borgia.*" This statement is, of course, true in

the last analysis; but it seems to me that while Hugo has succeeded in his purpose in *Le Roi s'Amuse*, he has failed in *Lucrèce Borgia* to produce the effect which he desired. In spite of the evident efforts of the author, *Lucrèce* fails to awaken our sympathy as does *Triboulet*. In spite of its cleverness, the play is an artistic failure; and it demonstrates more of Hugo's littleness as a playwright than of his greatness.

Marie Tudor, Hugo's next melodrama, hardly shows an advance over its immediate predecessor. The exposition is very arbitrary. There is more humor, however, in *Joshua, the turnkey*, than in the other characters of the prose dramas; and the second act is notable for the tempestuous passion of the queen. The last two acts are skillfully plotted; and the concluding scene represents at its highest Hugo's extraordinary command of suspense.

In his preface to this play Hugo states that the simultaneous attainment of the *true* and the *great* is the chief end of the great dramatic poet. In the figure of *Marie Tudor* he has attempted to show, "*Une reine qui soit une femme. Grande comme reine. Vraie comme femme.*" He has hardly succeeded in his purpose; for his *Marie Tudor* is grandiose rather than grand, womanish rather than womanly.

Hugo prided himself upon the historical accuracy of his dramas; and in his notes to *Marie Tudor* he has cited a formidable array of historical archives which he consulted before writing his piece. But while in *Marie Tudor* he may have held rigorously to the facts of history, he has failed entirely to seize its truth. The atmosphere of the drama is totally foreign to the England of the Tudors, and the queen herself is a more distorted caricature than even the same author's *Cromwell*. As an historical drama, *Marie Tudor* is all but ridiculous; but yet, considered as melodrama pure and simple, it is not devoid of many excellent qualities. After it is once well under way, the action rushes on with tempestuous energy, and grips the reader's attention with an inexorable clutch. The last scene is not only thrilling because of its terrible suspense, but also displays a fine command of

theatric effect. Taken as the author meant it to be, *Marie Tudor* is a failure; taken simply as it is, it is a remarkable success.

I am inclined to prefer *Angelo, Tyrant of Padoue*, which was acted in 1835, to the other prose plays of Hugo. Its exposition is very much better; its characters are more skillfully drawn; and while the element of humor is still lacking, it possesses moments of genuine pathos. The scenic machinery is well managed, and the element of suspense is often admirably employed. This melodrama has at once the most complicated and the most skillfully handled plot of all Hugo's plays. It is interesting throughout, and is a triumph of clever intrigue. It also contains more poetry than Hugo's other prose plays.

From the preface to *Angelo* we learn, what we should hardly otherwise have supposed, that Hugo attempted in this melodrama to give a philosophical study of social conditions. He describes his chief figures—speaking in abstract terms—as the woman in society, the woman out of society, the husband, the lover, and—lurking in the dim background—the envious spy; and round these typical personages he has cast the robe of an historical atmosphere. Without reading this foreword of explanation, the reader of *Angelo* would hardly suspect that its author had been actuated, in composing it, by a purpose so essentially philosophic. "The eternal human element, the social element, and the historical element," which he claims are at the foundation of this melodrama, are not brought home to the reader with any particular effectiveness. The woe which, according to the statement of the author, must inevitably ensue from the clash of the typical characters which he has painted is not felt by the reader, who is much more interested in the cleverness of the author's theatrical machinery. *Angelo* is extremely interesting, but it is not profound.

In 1836 Hugo wrote *La Esmeralda*, a rather ineffective opera libretto founded on certain parts of his novel, *Notre Dame de Paris*; and in 1838 he produced *Ruy Blas*, in which he returned to verse and to the glamour of his early manner.

Ruy Blas is one of the very best of Hugo's plays, although I cannot but consider it inferior to *Marion Delorme* and *Le Roi s'Amuse*. The exposition is rapid, the plot is energetically developed; the characters are carefully distinguished, and in the happy-go-lucky figure of Don César we have a pleasing return to Hugo's early humor. César has the fourth act entirely to himself; but it can hardly be said that the act is foreign to the main plot of the play, as César unconsciously does much to aid the furtherance of Don Salluste's plot against the queen. The excellent last act is executed with all of Hugo's contagious lyric fervor.

Ruy Blas contains many reminiscences of Hugo's earlier plays. The queen is a mere reproduction of Doña Sol; and the character of Ruy Blas, with its extravagant dreaminess and morbid indecision, bears a considerable resemblance to that of Didier. Don César is a twin brother of Saverny; and if Don Guritan had a little less humor, he might easily be mistaken for Ruy Gomez. Ruy Blas's scathing speech to the councilors recalls in a measure the long political reverie of Don Carlos. The best-drawn character in the play, and in fact one of the most striking of all Hugo's dramatic creations, is Don Salluste—a cold, calculating, polished, reserved, and yet withal explosive, villain—a devil, in the garb of a grandee of Spain. The scene in the third act in which Don Salluste cruelly shatters the idealistic dreams of his lackey, Ruy Blas, is extremely effective.

The preface to *Ruy Blas* opens with Hugo's famous division of the theatrical audience into the crowd, who demand action; the women, who crave passion; and the thinkers, who exact the study of character. He then proceeds to define the fundamental law of the drama, deducing it from these diverse demands of the spectators. Passing on to the consideration of *Ruy Blas* in particular, and looking at it from the historical and the universal points of view, the author attempts to read into it several grand conceptions which the ordinary reader would never discover. This preface, like that of *Angelo*, seems to indicate that Hugo failed to accomplish the high end which he had in view when he composed the

drama. At any rate, it shows the growth, in Hugo's mind, of a conscious didacticism and of a desire to use the stage for other than purely theatrical purposes.

This more serious conception of his duty as a dramatist, instead of improving Hugo's work, practically shattered its theatrical effectiveness. In 1838 he began a play called *Les Jumeaux*, on the story of the man with the iron mask; but as he never finished it, the piece has come down to us in a fragmentary condition. He did not again turn his hand to dramatic composition until toward the close of 1842, when he composed his last acted drama, *Les Burgraves*.

It is not at all surprising that *Les Burgraves* failed flatly when it was performed at the Théâtre Français, for its main interest is epic rather than dramatic. Considered from the standpoint of the theater, it is unquestionably the poorest of Hugo's plays; while, looked at merely as a poem, it is one of the most serenely beautiful of his works. It represents, as Hugo says in his preface, the struggle of the mediæval Titans against the mediæval Jupiter, of the Burgraves against the Emperor. The poet took Æschylus for his model, but hardly succeeded in catching the majestic austerity of the master.

The exposition of this dramatic poem is exceedingly obscure, and the greater part of the first act is incomprehensible at the first reading. It contains, however, a beautiful scene between the young lovers, Otbert and Régina, which glows with much of its lyric fervor that was met with in *Marion Delorme*. The Emperor opens the second act with a three-page soliloquy which serves only to display his knowledge of a vast number of uninteresting historical details. Throughout the play the old men, of whom the cast contains several, show an irresistible inclination to meditate aloud for two hundred lines. The second act, on the other hand, contains a touching scene between the patriarch Job and his young son Otbert; and the last act is very dramatic, and in parts intensely pathetic.

Otbert and Régina are the only human figures in the play. Both the Emperor and the Burgraves are altogether too

statuesque for true dramatic purposes. In his attempt to give them the heroic proportions and the somber austerity of marble monuments, the poet has failed to endow his chief characters with life. Guanhumara is a mere personification of fatality, and the Emperor, of providence. Hugo attempted too much in endeavoring to link the epic and the dramatic interest of this play, and did not succeed in his purpose.

After the popular failure of *Les Burgraves* Hugo withdrew from the theater, and never again wrote a drama for the stage. From time to time, however, he penned a closet piece in the dramatic form; and late in life, he published a series of these dainty sketches, under the title of *Le Théâtre en Liberté*. Many of the pieces are of exquisite lyrical charm; but they represent Victor Hugo the poet, rather than Victor Hugo the playwright. They are in themselves beautiful, but they throw little light on Hugo's regular dramatic work. The author himself confessed that most of them could be played only in that ideal theater which every man has in his heart.

When he was about eighty years old, Victor Hugo wrote his last play, *Torquemada*, choosing a subject splendidly adapted to call forth all that was greatest in his dramatic genius. It is arranged in a long prologue and four acts, and abounds in passages of beauty and power. During the course of the prologue, the king has a great speech on the miseries of kingship, less philosophical, but more human, than the celebrated soliloquy of Don Carlos. The naïve remarks of Gucho, the king's fool, form a pleasing contrast to the rest of the scene. The prologue also contains some fine lyrical passages between the lovers, Don Sanche and Doña Rosa. In the first act of the drama the clash of characters is admirably depicted, but there is not much genuine movement. The second act has nothing to do with the rest of the play; but it sets forth the varying fanaticism of Torquemada and François de Paule, and vividly exposes the character of Pope Alexander VI. The act contains no action whatever; and as the life-philosophy of each of the three churchmen is radically wrong, we can sympathize with none of them.

Furthermore, a minute knowledge of history is practically indispensable for a proper appreciation of the act. The interest of the third act is again chiefly epic, but the last act once more takes up the thread of the dramatic story. This final act is beautiful throughout. A love scene of passionate fervor is followed by an impressive tragic dénouement; and the magnificent curtain-fall is unsurpassed in the entire range of Hugo's dramatic writings.

The interest of *Torquemada* is twofold. It consists of a good play, buried beneath a good epic poem. Whatever genuine theatrical interest it possesses is centered in the love tragedy of Don Sanche and Doña Rosa; but these characters are completely forgotten during the second and third acts, while the drama is lost in the epic. At bottom *Torquemada* is a good play; but, like *Cromwell*, it could not be produced in the theater without many alterations. While, poetically, the piece is an organic whole, it does not possess dramatic unity. The love story is swamped in a mass of scholastic mysticism, interesting in itself and often powerfully poetic, but sadly interfering with the theatrical effectiveness of the play. This piece has all of Hugo's old-time picturesqueness, but employs less claptrap than most of his earlier plays. The last act comes very near to being true tragedy; and it is pleasant to think of it as ringing down the curtain, slowly and measuredly, on Hugo's career.

The plays of Victor Hugo practically represent the work of a single decade of his life, for *Torquemada* merely echoes the dramatic triumphs of his youth. It is but natural, therefore, that they should possess an evident sameness in tone. A single motive seems to be at the root of all of his dramatic pieces, and this motive is one which we should naturally expect in the work of a poet essentially lyrical. All of his chief characters are actuated by a yearning for something just beyond their grasp; and whatever of tragedy is to be found in his plays arises from the calamitous shattering of these longings. With *Cromwell*, it is a crown; with *Marion Delorme*, it is a life of purity with *Didier*; with *Triboulet*, it is the treasuring of *Blanche*; and the same yearning after the

impossible is at the heart of the other dramas. Round this one impulse, in its varied forms, Hugo weaves all of the splendor of his felicitous verbiage, all of the glamour of his pompous theatriicism. Ingenious in device, thrilling in situation, picturesque in setting, his plays glow with a gaudy complexity which dazzles the eye, arrests the attention, and rivets the interest. Hugo's dramas have all of the multifarious immensity of a Gothic cathedral; and his incessant use of antithesis, both in his construction and in his detail, lends a striking power to his work.

But yet, in spite of his excellences, Victor Hugo lacks the essential qualifications of a great dramatic poet. He has given us no lifelike picture of his own, or indeed of any other, times. His dramas are all fantastic and untrue; and whether the scene purports to be in Spain or England, Italy or France, it is always in the same unreal dream-country, where deeds grotesque and deeds sublime happen according to the dictatorial providence of the playwright. His plots invariably condition his characters, and the characters themselves are never true to nature. For the most part they embody but a single passion, and this reigning trait is commonly of an unusual nature. Hugo is at his best in handling a figure, like *Triboulet*, which is essentially bizarre. His hero must be a bandit or a lackey, a hunchback or a bastard. In all of Hugo's dramas there is an element of lawlessness, a deliberate transgression of the rules of nature.

Hugo's poetic gift, as exhibited in his dramas, is a matter of words rather than of conceptions. In writing his scenes he uses his faculty as poet, but in conceiving them he employs his talent as melodramatic novelist. His dramas lack all suggestion of the serene simplicity of the highest art—the art which conceals itself—the art of Sophocles, of Shakespeare, and of *Molière*. Victor Hugo could not write a play, or even a scene, if he were given only four boards and a passion. He needs all of the ostentatious paraphernalia of daggers and poison, of masked doors, banquets, and coffins. His muse is decked in a regal robe, but after all it is a robe of shreds and patches.

But even though Victor Hugo may not be a supremely great dramatist, we cannot take leave of his plays without some passing tribute to the poet and the man. Although he has left us no single monument of dramatic art, we could ill afford to lose the vari-colored splendor of his plays and the lyric eloquence of his most beautiful scenes. And then we must not forget the priceless service which he rendered to the theater of his country in emancipating it from the shackles of emasculated classicism. He fought bravely and well in the vortex of that heroic struggle; and when the battle was over, his flag flaunted victoriously in the van.

CLAYTON M. HAMILTON.

MAETERLINCK VERSUS THE CONVENTIONAL DRAMA.

ABOUT ten years ago the Paris *Figaro* announced, in calm, decisive tone, that something good had come out of Belgium, hitherto not famed for its literary condiments, and that the feast of a new and greater Shakespeare was spread before us. The name was Maurice Maeterlinck; the discoverer, Octave Mirbeau. The world clamored for a closer acquaintance, and when they had come to know they wondered. At first, amazement held their opinions in solution, but the process of crystallization presently set in, and the crystals formed in two very different patterns. Not a few of the professional guides to polite literature called out that the newcomer was a genius of the purest ray; as many others thought that he approximated a fool of the muddiest water.

Now discrepancies in judgment are not to be construed as a refutation of the divine righteousness of the critic's mission—not at all. The critic holds the mirror up to nature with commendable zeal, if with uncertain grace. No—it cannot be that he is insincere, only that the quicksilver on the back of the mirror is sometimes strangely scarred, and therefore nature has as many counterfeit presentments as George Washington. Which is the true image of the dramatist is still unsettled. Perhaps herein lies the eternal delight of estimating literary values of this coinage—that they are as fluctuating as the silver standard, and will, for the most part, always be unsettled.

At the outset, upon the publication of *La Princesse Maleine*, the readers of our author divided into hostile camps, and surely his later writings have never led to overtures of peace. The Maeterlinckomane will never yield up the sacred soil that caps the highest peak of Mount Olympus; the Maeterlinckophobe begrudges six feet at the very bottom for an unhonored grave. With the one, he is the master, the prophet; with the other, the charlatan, the literary quack. The truth lies between the two—the *μηδὲν ἄγαν*

of Solon is often a safe principle in dramatic criticism, as in most things else—but just where between the two? To assign him a niche in the temple or a padded cell in the ward for incurables would be easier of accomplishment than to give him what is his by rights; but it is to the elusive compromise, so hard to catch, and often so uninteresting when we have caught it, that we must address ourselves.

It is difficult to find his brothers in art—De Musset, Poe, Baudelaire, the minor Elizabethans, Ollendorf, Ruysbroeck l'Admirable, Leopardi, even Kipling and Conan Doyle might claim varying degrees of kinship, but his originality excludes all close relationship and he seems to be a sort of only son without parents. For that alone he would be worthy of study. Original achievement deserves investigation, if only to be cast out into the burning. Real originality means creation, and, however trivial the creation, there is a dignity in it we cannot despise, for the creator must needs have a tiny piece of God himself to work with.

The sonnets were the key with which Shakespeare unlocked his heart, and the lyric poems of an artist are always the most immediate revelations of his character; and so, before taking up Maeterlinck's dramas, a short quotation from the *Serres Chaudes*, a volume of early lyrics, may serve to set the key for us. Opening at random, we meet a passage like this:

O hothouse in the midst of the forest!
And your doors shut forever!
And all that there is under your dome,
And under my soul in your likeness!
The thoughts of a princess ahungered!
The weariness of a sailor in the wilderness!
Brazen music at the windows of incurables!

At first reading this comes perilously near Carolyn Wells or Oliver Herford. And yet through the grotesque and indiscriminate mass of metaphors we can trace out the meaning of the jumble.

The hothouse in the forest is the soul too sensitive, too tropically luxuriant, too artificially cultivated. It is in a world of rough and healthy oaks and pines—and maybe chestnuts—yet cut off from it by the barrier of glass—that is, the film of misunderstanding and prejudice. This phys-

ical barrier, typifying a wall of doubt and misunderstanding, the wall between two human souls that can never, never be broken down, is a favorite figure with Maeterlinck. So is the starving princess. She is the soul born with every inheritance of joy, starved and crippled for want of sympathy and love. A beggar would naturally starve, but when a princess starves, there is the implication of the tragic injustice of the supreme courts of fate. The sailor in the wilderness longs for the smell of the salt, for the infinite surge of the sea, while only a dusty, parching desert greets his senses. This, too, is the soul hungering for a sympathetic environment. The brass band is the vulgarly healthy philistine who is blatantly unsympathetic with the soul-sick despair of the questioning agnostic in the window above.

This is simple exegesis, but there are passages in the *Serres Chaudes* that no one has ever been able to interpret. The symbols are so mystical, and the thoughts so vaguely and incompletely expressed, that interpretation is impossible. And yet he knows the appeal direct. There is a sentence in *L'Intérieur* that strikes straight to the quivering heart of humanity. A neighbor standing outside a window, afraid to go in to tell the happy family of the suicide of a daughter of the house, says with poignant pathos:

"And yet, what a strange little soul she must have had; what a poor, ignorant, dwarfed little soul she would have had, if she had said everything she ought to have said, and done everything she ought to have done."

There is the whole tragedy of life.

But some one has said that "One swallow does not make a summer, nor one dead leaf an autumn," and a poet must be judged throughout the length and breadth of his work. Amount is a matter to be reckoned with as well as form and thought. Every tyro has written one or two lines, perhaps a verse, or even a whole poem that would not disgrace a volume of really decent poetry; but his sins elsewhere against all law, order, ear-drums, and common sense will speedily condemn him to the oblivion he richly deserves. And so we must beware of generalizing too quickly upon isolated instances, and endeavor to strike wide and deep.

Maeterlinck has written much mystic philosophy, a great many essays on various literary and speculative subjects, a rather slender volume of lyrics, and some ten or twelve dramas.

The dramas are his most interesting and will probably be his most enduring contribution to literature. His philosophy, though wholly charming, is not philosophical enough to be philosophy and not literary enough to be literature. His lyrics are anything but lyrical, and his essays are without the artistic finish which might have kept them afloat. Now in his dramas, while the same increasing purpose that we find in the other forms is evident, he has evolved a distinctive style—a style which, like Whitman's, is very susceptible of parody, and which, in the hands of a clever satirizer, is ridiculously akin to vain babbling and degenerate idiocy. It is a style that belongs to him, however, and it delivers his message with subtlety and infinite suggestiveness. His dramas say all that he has to say, and say it most effectually in the fantastic, iterative, importunate, insistent, rhythmical sentences which his characters speak, and in the long pauses when "soul communicates to soul," a silence which, in his philosophy, is far more eloquent than words. "It is only when life runs sluggish in us that we speak," he says.

The first impression we get from the dramas is that their author is not so essentially a poet nor a dramatist nor yet an idiot, but, above and beyond all else, a mystic. Mysticism is his fetich, and conventional literary form is of absolutely no concern to his symbolic soul. A poet is such, not so much on account of the thought as by reason of the manner of expression. Swinburne says that the technical work of the poet appeals to the ear as the technical work of the painter appeals to the eye. When we read Homer or Shakespeare or Milton, there is a triumphant sense of mastery, a world-power within us, a tingling consciousness that this is the only word in all the possible permutations and combinations of letters that could stand just here and say just what the poet means, and that at the same time it is the only word in all the kingdoms of tone and rhythm that could sing the one delicious note and give us a thrill

of the full, pulsing peace that passeth the understanding of mankind. This union in one word of the only thought and the only tone is the peculiar witchery of the poet's art, and Maeterlinck knows it not. Once or twice only in the grotesque rhythmical prose of his dramas do we feel that he approaches this felicity of expression; he does not even strive for it. He does not see any inherent beauty in a word as a word. Words, to him, are mere symbols, mere shifting letters that can shadow forth but imperfectly the truth that finds complete expression only in silence. In one of his essays it is written: "Speech never serves for real intercourse between beings. Lips or tongue can set forth the soul in the same way that a number in a catalogue represents a picture; . . . but as soon as we have really something to say we are compelled to be silent." Again: "How strangely do we diminish a thing as soon as we try to express it in words!" "A time will come, perhaps, when our souls will know of each other without the intermediary of the senses. . . . A spiritual epoch is perhaps upon us." And as he despises words as a means of communication, so he rejects facts as "guides to knowledge." We have an inner life, a real life, that lives close to the heart of the world; and facts—crude, imperfect, lying facts—are "nothing but the laggards, the spies, and camp followers of the great forces we cannot see."

Naturally, then, we will not look in his pages for the passionate outburst, the whirlwind of indignant scorn, the lover's wordy rapture. Far from it. In Maeterlinck's hands, King Lear at the grave of Cordelia would have been silent; Romeo would have used the spiritual atmospheric tracts to convey his sentiments to Juliet; Mark Antony would have buried Cæsar in a pall of silent gloom, not in a torrent of polished phrases; Hamlet would have soliloquized in his soul, and not with his lips. Of course all this is diametrically opposite to the point of view of the everyday dramatist, and we must not be shocked when we read the jerky, ejaculatory, iterative inanities—some of them—of *La Princesse Maleine*. Nothing of supreme moment is *said*—all the tragedy is between the lines. It would be childish

to attach anything of importance to a particular arrangement of letters and words. "Maeterlinck and the dictionary have no affinity." Neither will help us to understand the other.

His medium of expression seems to thwart him at every turn. He writes in pure French, not in Flemish or Low Dutch; and French is too sunny, too lucid for his forebodings and dark imaginings. Its pitiless brilliancy and polish are too distinctly of this world to lend themselves successfully to the mystic's half lights; lime light plays the will-o'-the-wisp with garish grace. Some one has noted it as a significant fact that France has yet to produce her Lewis Carroll and her "Jabberwocky." Nonsense verse and mysticism are very close cousins.

This very lack of harmony between content and container does as much to make the lines difficult of accurate apprehension as does the symbolism, the cabalism, the sporting with words. Maeterlinck, refusing to worship a word as a word like Théophile Gautier, for example, prostrates himself in adoration before a word as a symbol. In his lyrics he carries this to an extreme, attributes magical meanings to well-worn phrases, works mental miracles with them, and then when he says water expects us to know that he means wine. This is a specimen:

A maiden waters the ferns with warm water!

A band of little girls watches the hermit in his cell!

My sisters have fallen asleep in the depths of a poisonous grotto!

Probably this meant something to the mind of the author. If we could sleep and dream the same jumble of images, doubtless we should find it very beautiful, but the world to-day is terribly prosaic and is very wide-awake.

The story might be apropos that James Payn tells in his reminiscences. He used to compose wonderful poetry in his sleep, he says, and, waking one night with a glow of creative ecstasy warming his heart, he wrote down a line that he felt must bring the world to his feet. And then he slept again, worn out by his travail and for joy that some great poetry had been born into the world. By the cold light of the morning he read with beating pulse the splendid pomp of this tramping rhythm: "A strong smell of petroleum

prevailed throughout." Which only goes to show that all the stuff that dreams are made of is not poetry.

But *Serres Chaudes* was a first offense. The dramas are not so impossible—although the first one, *La Princesse Maleine*, lauded to the stars as it has been, is pretty muddy. The plot was borrowed from Shakespeare, a loan which the critics were quick to discover, and, apart from its second-hand appeal, it is too obviously youthful and experimental to be made a touchstone of merit. A very clever caricature of its plot has been written by one Adrian Ross, and, since discriminating burlesque is often very trenchant criticism, I could wish I had the space at my command to quote it. Comic poets are not altogether satisfactory expositors, but sometimes their jingles have an overtone of truth. As we said, then, *La Princesse Maleine* is very youthful. This is apparent in her fondness for fireworks. The whole play is a succession of meteorological portents that Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Sir Henry Irving and the whole theatrical syndicate combined could never reproduce. Comets and shooting-stars presage every petty happening in the piece. The heavens blaze and the firmament is strung with magic lanterns. Tempests of thunder and hail fill up the awkward pauses in the conversation, while the moon suffers several relapses in a bad case of the eclipses. The stone bridge over the moat falls, presumably because it had grown weary of standing; a gravedigger says, "O! O! O!" several times; the Princess' nose bleeds; a mole digs in the ground; "and the fountain sobs and dies away." This is the logical sequence of events. And there are ravens, bells, and a cemetery; a war ship with no visible crew; green lights and red lights and mysterious knockings at the door; then darkness again and a silence, while the Marconi system allows the souls to pass the time of day like the transatlantic steamships.

Fun aside, crude and boyish as is all this musty claptrap, it strikes the Maeterlinckian note at the outset—the note that is developed so magnificently later. "There is the sense of mystery at the back of the visible action—the unknown

horror behind the closed door," the tremendous presence impending over the trivialities of ordinary life. The chief personage in the Maeterlinck drama is the Dweller of the Threshold, Fate or Death or Love, or all in one, executing the inexorable laws of a preordained destiny in the "silences of the unseen." "The puppets on the stage act and speak, but the real play is in the working of the powers invisible and the eloquent silences that transcend speech." All this is explained by Maeterlinck himself in his work on the philosophy of the drama.

The sense of mystery, of something unattainable, is present in almost all the dramas; and there is always a barrier shutting off something longed for—perhaps it is a wall of misunderstanding, of difference of temperament that makes understanding impossible, as in *Pelléas et Mélisande*, in *Aglavaine et Sélysette*; a real door or window, as in the fantastic *Sept Princesses* or the splendid *Intérieur*, or the grawsome *Mort de Tintagiles*; perhaps a wall of blindness, as in *Les Aveugles*—always something between us and the sunlight, always the clay that stops our eyes to the finer life which is round us but whose glories we cannot see—and the impotence of the soul to break down this barrier, the silent submission of mankind to the power of an unmoral fate. This is the *motif* of each one of them.

A symphony cannot be constructed of a single theme, however, and it is just here that the weakness of the mystic who plays only on his one weird string becomes evident. His circle of ideas is strangely contracted, and a regular succession of recurring images grows monotonous. His theme, of profound import as it is, needs more development, transposition into other keys and other rhythms. The melody is a real message. The harmony and counterpoint are thin.

The dramas may be divided into two groups—the castle dramas and the dramas typifying Death, the Intruder. The castle dramas, *Les Sept Princesses*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, *Alladine et Palomides*, *Aglavaine et Sélysette*, *La Princesse Maleine*, are Arthurian in their imagery. It has been suggested that William Morris's "Defense of Guinevere" is the nearest thing

in English to Maeterlinck in this legendary vein. There are always a moat, a drawbridge, and a tower bathed in the half light of a waning moon; always the mystic love of a strange, supersensitive, spiritual nixie, half child and half woman and whole fairy, for a morbid, speculative, degenerate sort of man, and the fatal end of both. These characters are real enough, perhaps, but for them we have none of the sympathy that makes the book world one with our world. Character-drawing is not an essential in Maeterlinck's conception of his art. We should not recognize Mélisande and Sélysette if we met them on the street. No, it is the background that is great, the atmosphere of an irresistible juggernaut of destiny.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

The tragedy of daily life, the tragedy of merely being alive —here dwells Maeterlinck in all the strength and majesty of one who feels and knows.

Les Sept Princesses is frankly unactable. All the dialogue and almost all the action take place on a terrace separated from the hypothetical audience by a wall and great glass doors so strong that the mob outside beats upon them in vain. They will not give way, and they are locked on the stage side. A dark forest, a canal, and a warship are seen through the doors beyond the terrace. Inside, on the stage, seven pale princesses are asleep on seven white marble steps. The red light from a brazier illuminates everything save the face of one sister which is in the shadow. The king and queen converse in platitudes about the weather outside on the terrace, awaiting the return of the Prince Marcellus, their grandson, who has been absent for seven years. The seven princesses are his cousins, and from their number he is to select his bride. They come from the far South and, unaccustomed to the climate of this marshy country, sleep most of the time in a half-exhausted state. The Prince steams up the canal in his war ship, somewhat after the manner of Lohengrin in his swan car, kisses his grandmother for several pages, falls in love with the princess whose face

is in the shadow—this does seem a sad commentary on the appearance of the other six—beats on the glass door, and tries to arouse the slumbering maidens. The glass must be vitrified by a mystic process, for presently all the servants beat furiously and scream frantically, while the maidens sleep on in peace. Then a secret passage is remembered, and Marcellus appears on the stage through a trapdoor in the marble floor, and arouses six princesses; but the shadowed face, the face of his beloved, is cold and dead. All the while the sailors on the war ship sing, *L'Atlantique, l'Atlantique nous n'en revenons plus*; and in this resolve, perhaps, they were very wise. *Les Sept Princesses* is a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the Maeterlinck drama of the castle-and-princess type.

By far the greatest of this group is *Pélleas et Mélisande*. It has been given in Paris—and by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in New York—fitly enough behind gauze curtains, for it is a “veiled tragedy,” in which the characters **themselves** never understand each other. They are poor little dwarfed butterfly souls that struggle vainly in the web of destiny, talking a strange rhythmical prose full of repetition and of ejaculation, never expressing but always symbolizing emotion. Mélisande is the familiar type, the fascinating elflike child-woman, all instinct and without mind. Golaud had found her in the forest weeping by a fountain, had married her, and brought her home to the castle. There she meets Golaud’s younger brother Pélleas, and love results. Golaud comes upon them in the park and kills his brother. Mélisande dies soon after in childbirth. It is a spirituelle edition of “Paolo and Francesca.” The characters have no breath or blood; they are puppets who must do as their master says, and their master is a blind force, a law which says we do not as we like, but that an endless chain of cause and circumstance has conditioned our every action from the beginning of eternity. And in enshrouding the reader in this pall of gloomy fate, Maeterlinck’s power is undoubted. The pathos of life where we see through a glass so darkly, where we stumble against forces we cannot understand—the pity,

aye, the pity of it all—all this gathers round about us, as we read, with an insistent pessimism that clamps its steely bands fast round the heart.

Alladine et Palomides is evidently a weak first sketch of *Pélleas et Mélisande*, and may be dismissed with that.

Aglavaine et Sélysette is a discussion of the old problem: Given one man and two women, find the solution. Méléandre and Sélysette are husband and wife. Aglavaine comes to live with them. She will love them both and gild existence with a pure and beautiful affection. Sélysette is a gentle little sprite, almost a child, and loves Aglavaine readily. Aglavaine's platonic devotion to Méléandre is as unstable as most platonic devotion; and the birdlike Sélysette, seeing that they love each other, kills herself. There is the same symbolic machinery—the ruined tower, the green bird that means death, the lost key, and all the rest. La Petite Yssaline is the child among men, as we are all children in a world we do not understand, and the Grand'mère Méligrane is old and wise, yet even she can only grope for truth. It is rather a disagreeable play for the general reader, because it is hard to remember that Aglavaine and Sélysette are only symbols, puppets in the dumb show. If they were women of flesh and blood, Aglavaine would be an insufferable prig and Sélysette a hopeless weakling. As machinery to work out the Maeterlinckian pessimism, they are successful.

Pélleas et Mélisande is the greatest of the castle dramas and the only one of this group, I should say, that the general reader ought to know.

The second class includes the dramas in which the real protagonist is death. Probably *L'Intérieur* is the best of these and is Maeterlinck's greatest achievement, although both *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles* are very fine and in his most effective manner. Here are the stage directions of *L'Intérieur*:

An old garden of weeping willows. At the back, a house through the windows of which a family is plainly seen passing the evening round the sitting room lamp. The father is seated by the fire. The mother, an

elbow on the table, gazes into space. Two young girls, dressed in white, embroider, dream, and smile in the sweet quiet of the room. A little child is sleeping on its mother's arm. It seems that when they move or make a gesture their actions are slow, serious, and strange, spiritualized by the distance, the light, and the cloudy haze of the glass.

An old man enters with some news that must break those happy hearts beyond the window. One of the daughters of that quiet household has just drowned herself—the same old story. The dread tale must be told, but the old man lingers outside the window looking in on the happy family, all unconscious of the toils of fate that are winding round them, and shrinks from entering with his awful message. All the while the corpse is coming nearer, on and on along the winding paths that can be seen stretching away in snaky coils through the moonlight. The old man braces himself for the ordeal. But ah no! he sees the father smile over his book, he sees the mother hush the crying child—he cannot introduce death there. And the corpse, borne by the friends that found it, comes nearer, nearer, through the shadows of the weeping willow trees. At last it is at hand, the stage is filled with black figures, the old man with a supreme effort rushes into the house, and a splendid dramatic moment is obtained. The family comes out upon the stage with no passionate outburst, no railings against fate. Words are futile when men really feel, and in a typical Maeterlinckian silence the stage is slowly deserted by all save "a stranger." Through the window we see the abandoned room, empty—but no, there is the little child sleeping peacefully where the mother left it. "The stranger" murmurs, *L'enfant ne s'est pas éveillé*, and goes out. The curtain falls slowly. Death has come and gone, and we are all even as little children that sleep and dream and bide the time of his return.

The climax is worked up with consummate art, the coils of fate tighten round us until we feel as though we should be strangled, and the very presence of Death upon the stage is as certain as though his name were down among the persons of the drama. Here certainly Maeterlinck has

shown marvelous power. As usual, the characters are mere lay figures. They have not even names—they are simply *le vieillard*, *l'étranger*, *le père*, *la mère*, and so on. They are merely subjects to be played upon by unseen forces, and Death is the only real character. Indeed, the dramatist himself called it *Un petit drame pour marionnettes*, that should be played in a "static theatre" where wooden images would serve as well as men and women. Death would be just as real, just as inevitable, and Death is the only character that counts.

L'Intruse, too, is a short, one-act study, very similar to *L'Intérieur*. Death is *l'Intruse*, the Intruder, the protagonist "that enters but is never seen." A family sits in a lamp-lit hall. The grandfather is blind. The mother is ill in an adjoining room. She has given birth to a child who they fear is deaf and dumb; it has never uttered a sound. A visit is expected this evening from an aunt who is a superior of a convent. The eldest daughter sits at the window and watches for her:

Le Père. Tu ne vois rien venir, Ursule?

La Fille. Non, mon père.

Le Père. Et dans l'avenue, tu vois l'avenue?

La Fille. Oui, mon père; il y a clair de lune; et je vois l'avenue jus
qu'aux bois de cyprès.

L'Aïeul. Et tu ne vois personne, Ursule?

La Fille. Personne, grand-père.

L'Oncle. Quel temps fait-il?

La Fille. Il fait très beau; entendez vous les rossignols?

L'Oncle. Oui, oui.

La Fille. Un peu de vent s'élève dans l'avenue.

L'Aïeul. Un peu de vent dans l'avenue, Ursule?

La Fille. Oui, les arbres tremblent un peu.

L'Oncle. C'est étonnant que ma soeur ne soit pas encore ici.

L'Aïeul. Je n'entends plus les rossignols, Ursule.

La Fille. Je crois que quelqu'un est entré dans le jardin, grand-père.

L'Aïeul. Qui est-ce?

La Fille. Je ne sais pas, je ne vois personne.

L'Oncle. C'est qu'il n'y a personne.

La Fille. Il doit y avoir quelqu'un dans le jardin; les rossignols se
sont tus.

Le Père. Tu ne vois personne?

La Fille. Personne, mon père.

Le Père. Mais cependant, l'étang est dans le clair de lune.

La Fille. Oui; je vois que les cygnes ont peur.

Le Père. Il y a un silence de mort.

L'Aîeul. Il me semble que le froid entre dans la chambre.

Le Père. Eh bien, ferme la porte, Ursule.

La Fille. Oui, mon père—Je ne peux pas fermer la porte, mon père.

The horror accumulates for twenty pages in a score of fantastic symbols indicative of the relentless approach of death. The wind and the swans forebode the sinister presence. "The nightingales fall silent," a chill enters the room, and the door will not close. All this is punctuated with frequent silences. The lamp burns dimly and now goes out. Steps are heard, the infant wails aloud—the first sound that has ever escaped its lips—a black-robed nun appears on the threshold, making the sign of the cross. Death the Intruder has claimed another victim.

This cumulative effect of horror is obtained again in *Les Aveugles*. The situation and conception are worthy of Poe. A party of blind people from an asylum is being guided through a gloomy forest by a priest, when suddenly without warning and without a sound the priest falls dead. The unfortunates cannot tell why their leader does not answer. Has he left them? Is he faithless? Sightless and frightened, they huddle together and in their gradual discovery that their guide is dead and they are lost we feel the on-creeping of a doom as resistless as the deepening twilight and the setting sun. Snow, wind, the moaning of the sea symbolize the dread visitor, and at last footsteps are heard, a child, as in *L'Intruse*, cries out, and death is upon them all. *Les Aveugles* is an achievement of more than ordinary power, and is worthy to be read of all men.

Unless our exposition has been as hazy as some of Maurice Maeterlinck's symbolism, the reader has now some general idea of the tenets of his creed, a creed which he sets forth lucidly in a chapter on "The Tragical in Daily Life." The time has come to talk of other things, he says. The tragedy of startling incident ought to be a thing of the barbarous past, and in our age of spiritual enlightenment we should find the most refined tragic nexus in the universal

truths of daily life. The large mystery of this passage is striking: "The mysterious chant of the Infinite, the ominous silence of the Soul and of God, the murmur of Eternity on the horizon, the destiny or fatality that we are conscious of within us, though by what tokens none can tell—do not all these underlie King Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet? And would it not be possible by some interchanging of the *rôles* to bring them nearer to us, and send the actor farther off? Is it beyond the mark to say that the true tragic element, normal, deep-seated, and universal—that the true tragic element of life only begins at the moment when so-called adventures, sorrows, and dangers have disappeared? When we think of it, is it not the tranquillity that is terrible, the tranquillity watched by the stars? And is it in tumult or in silence that the spirit of life quickens within us? Is it not when we are told, at the end of the story, "they were happy," that the great disquiet should intrude itself? What is taking place while they are happy? Are there not elements of deeper gravity and stability in happiness, in a single moment of repose, than in the whirlwind of passion? Is it not then that we at last behold the march of time—aye, and of many another on-stealing besides, more secret still—is it not then that the hours rush forward? Are not deeper chords set vibrating by all these things than by the dagger stroke of conventional drama? Is it not at the very moment when a man believes himself secure from bodily death that the strange and silent tragedy of the being and the immensities does indeed raise its curtain on the stage? Is it while I flee before a naked sword that my existence touches its most interesting point? Is life always at its sublimest in a kiss? Are there not other moments when one hears purer voices that do not fade away so soon? Does the soul flower only on nights of storm? Hitherto, doubtless, this belief has prevailed. It is only the life of violence, the life of bygone days that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers; and truly one may say that anachronism dominates the stage and that dramatic art dates back as many years as the art of sculpture. The true artist no longer

chooses Marius triumphing over the Cimbrians or the assassination of the Duke of Guise as a fit subject for his art, for he is well aware that the psychology of victory or murder is but elementary and exceptional, and that the solemn voice of men and things, the voice that issues forth so timidly and hesitatingly, cannot be heard amidst the idle uproar of acts of violence. And, therefore, will he place on his canvas a house lost in the heart of the country, an open door at the end of a passage, a face or hands at rest, and by these simple images will add to our consciousness of life, which is a possession that it is no longer possible to lose."

There is truth in this "mysterious chant," but it is only a half truth. The dramas of Maeterlinck are not representations of life as we know it—indeed, some of them are superb studies of death as we feel it. Their circle of ideas is small, but in this circle there is a treasure-trove. M. Mirbeau found things more beautiful than the most beautiful things of Shakespeare in *La Princesse Maleine*, and the love scenes of *Pelléas et Mélisande* have been compared to the exquisite lyrics of "Romeo and Juliet." This is misleading criticism, as literary parallels are prone to be; but it serves to show the high esteem entertained for our dramatist by men of some talent and conservatism—for do they not take Shakespeare as their criterion?

Maeterlinck, in his conception of the drama of soul-states, errs very much as Wagner does in his conception of the all-sufficiency of the music-drama. The music-drama can never render the art of poetry superfluous, because music can express only the basic, fundamental emotions, the primal feelings of mankind, and for specialized and complicated emotions poetry alone, unhampered by music, can suffice. So the mystic drama of Maeterlinck cannot supplant the drama of Molière and of Shakespeare. Mysticism, with all its accompaniment of symbolic fantasy, can voice the universal generalizations of existence with truth and artistic consistency, but it can never express the specialized conceptions. *Tristan und Isolde* is a complete expression of

love and life and death, but what notes could convey a *motif* for the miser, if we were to Wagnerize *L'Avare*? In *Pélleas et Mélisande*, Arkel says, "If I were God, how I should pity the hearts of men!" but what would Arkel say if he were to see Othello murder Desdemona? Miserliness and jealousy are without the pale of mysticism and of music. There are needs of our nature which the mystic can never satisfy, and the cruder realist still has a *raison d'être*.

Maeterlinck's style is hardly susceptible of criticism by the ordinary standards. His characters never utter that one word of passion and emotion that we almost long for; and at the crises of the tragedy we invariably find those magical words—*un silence*. His trick of dialogue sounds supremely silly if quoted in isolated passages. Take this conversation, for instance, between the Cowherd and the Nurse from *La Princesse Maleine*:

The Cowherd. Good evening!

Nurse. Good evening!

Cowherd. It is a fine evening.

Nurse. Yes, fine enough.

Cowherd. Thanks to the moon.

Nurse. Yes.

Cowherd. But it has been hot during the day.

Nurse. O yes, it has been hot during the day.

Cowherd (going down to the water). I am going to bathe.

Etc., etc.

But in the mass Maeterlinck produces striking effects. The commonplace question and answer, the importunate persistency of trivialities, often accompanied by some strange mood of nature symbolical of death or disaster, work on the nerves and bring on an eager expectancy and heightened emotion.

The principle of repetition is sometimes abused to the point of comicality. Hjalmar, finding his love murdered, pours out his soul thus: "Yes! Yes! Yes! O! O! Come! Come! Strangled! Strangled! Maleine! Maleine! Maleine! Strangled! Strangled! Strangled! O! O! O! Strangled! Strangled! Strangled!" Some one has said that if this be tragedy then tragedy can be written with a rubber stamp.

On the whole, Maeterlinck has suggested a new world of

things, but has explored it little. His puppet dramas are fascinating to those who stray into the bypaths now and then, but with the exception of *L'Intérieur* and *Les Aveugles*, and perhaps of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, the traveler upon the broad highway will never meet them. They are a welling-up of the vague consciousness of double existence that modern spiritism stands for. In other words, they are the literary sprout of the same seed which in science has grown into experimental psychology, hypnotism, and the rest. And so they are valuable in their stimulating opposition to the choking, earthy realism of some of our modern dramatists of the school of the utterly commonplace. Maeterlinck's atmosphere may be too rarified for everyday souls to breathe, but surely the stench of social sewers is a far more unpleasant process of asphyxiation.

Note.—Maurice Maeterlinck's recent drama, *Monna Vanna*, has been omitted from this discussion because it is constructed on entirely different principles and is plainly the beginning of a second manner. The symbols and the puppets, the silences and the jerky dialogue are gone, and the author seems to have realized that flesh and blood can walk a stage without frightening away the "unseen forces." There is still an emotional mysticism, a fate that must and will, but Pisa and Florence are on the map, and Prinzivalle loves like a man and not a ghost.

HUGER JERVEY.

M'CRADY'S REVOLUTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA, 1780-83.*

GEN. McCRADY has been before the public so long as the historian of South Carolina, and his work has been so widely reviewed, that hardly more is now called for than a few remarks upon his fourth and concluding volume. There has been a steady improvement in Gen. McCrady's work. The sketch of the early life of the colony lacked much of the ease of narrative, and the balance of the various phases of development, which give to the story of the Royal Government a subtle charm and, too, its chief importance. On entering upon the Revolution, in addition to the native zest of the historian for his work, the author is animated by the consciousness that his task is no less than to correct, in many essential respects, the well-nigh universally accepted account of the great war for independence. The retelling of this story involves the examination of a number of reputations, the shattering of some hoary formulas, and a revision of certain historic judgments.

The style of the Revolution in South Carolina is well suited to the subject—clear, simple, pure, deliberate. Every petty skirmish is described; yet through 735 pages the interest is sustained without weariness or monotony; and, moreover, this has been done in such a way as to make clear the relationship of these events as part of the whole American war. The account of the Revolution in South Carolina presents more difficulty than the history of the struggle in any other State. The threads of the narrative are numerous and widely separated; Mr. McCrady's greatest achievement as a stylist is his holding all these in perfect control and harmony.

*"The History of South Carolina in the Revolution, 1780-1783." By Edward McCrady, LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902. See the *SEWANEE REVIEW* for April, 1899, and October, 1901, for reviews of the three preceding volumes of this work.

His eye and pen must, it seems, at times be simultaneously busy in all the opposite corners of the State. Yet he never leaves us to wonder where we left off, or to become confused by the complicated order of events. We feel that the author's whole attention is absorbed in spreading before us in faithful order all the events of rapid and tangled campaigns, and that he has had no conscious thought of style; consequently the happy result has been a piece of literature free from every trick or meretricious ornament, flowing smoothly and strongly on.

The narrative of the last three years of the Revolution makes more exacting demands upon the historian's judicial qualities than any previous volume of the series. To begin with, there is the whole vexed question of the attitude of the State toward the Revolution. Mr. McCrady meets this so frankly as to clear the atmosphere immediately and enable us to breathe more freely, now that the truth is told without passion and reservation regarding the Whigs and the Tories. There is such a contrast between this calm, heroic story, told with such quiet self-respect, with all its spots and all its honor, and the mutual boasts and recriminations in 1854 in which Massachusetts and South Carolina indulged, through Sumner on the one side and Keitt on the other. Now anger and boasting can alike slink away before the face of truth. Mr. McCrady's work goes to prove what has been said by one of the country's foremost historical scholars—that the more we learn of the Revolution the more plainly it appears that it was the work of a noble minority. Whole regiments of the regular British troops sent to subdue the patriots of South Carolina were raised, officers and men, from the Tories of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. Sabine's "American Loyalists," we may say, is a work whose wider circulation would have helped us sooner to a juster view of our early national history.

In all the colonies there existed at the outbreak of the Revolution many reasons deterring considerable portions of the people from plunging the dagger of revolt into the breast of their mother country; and this was particularly true of

South Carolina. In this State there were two distinct bodies of population. They had never acted in harmony, and upon the outbreak of the war they did not depart from their precedent. But before the struggle was over, the unnatural alliance of foreign invasion and a cruel civil war had swept into its fearful vortex almost every man as a combatant and every woman and child as a sufferer. The two diverse sections of the State—coast country and back country—each had its own phase of the Revolution, and each was drawn into it from different causes. At the time of the Stamp Act there was gathered the nucleus of a radical party of opposition to British encroachment, with Christopher Gadsden at its head, seconded by Thomas Lynch and a few others of the gentry, whose ranks were composed mainly of mechanics and tradesmen. The bulk of the substantial classes, who joined thoroughly in constitutional opposition to the Stamp Act, looked with contempt upon this small radical party who, after the Stamp Act had been laid to rest, continued even to the extent of their lives their fervid professions of attachment to the liberties of America. But the events of the next ten years proved that Gadsden, with his "liberty tree boys," had discerned rightly the signs of the times; in 1775 he had the large majority of the low country gentry with him. It was this wealthy element, headed by a few radicals whose first indorsement had come from a lower class, that led the State into the Revolution. They staked all for an abstract idea, for the oppression that had fallen upon Massachusetts had left them untouched.

But there was a different element in the back country. It is estimated that at this time these unrepresented, neglected back countrymen comprised two-thirds of the population of the province. The low countrymen hardly were aware of their existence, as they had come unnoticed by the inland route from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina. This settlement of the back country was very rapid, falling mostly, as Mr. McCrady points out, after the outbreak of the French and Indian war in 1754. These newcomers had received grants of rich land in the King's name. No

Stamp Act oppressed them; for they had no courts in which to use legal papers, a fact for which, though not justly, they blamed the low country legislature; the taxation and representation were subjects in the first of which they had little experience, and in the latter of which none. Accordingly, it was natural for these plain, rough men to stick to the King, who had so recently given them their homes, and stand aloof from what appeared to them as the quarrel of low country gentlemen too proud to think of them except when their services were needed. True, there were many among these who joined the standard of rebellion at the first alarm, but there remains no doubt that when the battle of Fort Moultrie was won the majority of the people of South Carolina were opposed to secession from England.

The British received such a sharp rebuff at Fort Moultrie, June 28, 1776, that for three years they gave up all attempts upon South Carolina. Then came the two sieges of Charleston—the first of which, under Prevost in 1779, failed; and the second of which, after fifty-three days' duration, gave Sir Henry Clinton the city, on the 12th of May, 1780. Here, we may say, ended the first phase of the Revolution in South Carolina. Keeping a number of the more influential under surveillance, Clinton paroled the great body of his captives, and extended the same terms to many of the militia of the State—to all, in fact, who were willing thus to terminate their career in the service of their country.

And now commenced the second phase of the Revolution in this State, during which the unpaid voluntary bands of her citizen soldiery long fought unaided by the Continental government, and in the latter part of which they and the Continental troops combined recovered the State from the enemy. Exulting in conquest, bands of the British invaded some of the quietest sections of the upcountry and wantonly scattered insult, desecration, and murder among a people who had never raised a finger against the King. Supplementing this, occurred the massacre of a number of disabled foes by the ruthless Tarleton. The back countrymen, who had not been moved by questions of abstract right in forums

leagues away from their simple theaters of action, now sprang to arms to avenge most real and bloody wrongs from the ungrateful King whom they had refused to desert. In addition to these outrages, the British, in violation of the paroles they had accepted from their prisoners, exiled thirty-nine of the most prominent citizens of the State to St. Augustine, denied to the common citizen the promised protection, and proclaimed all to be rebels beyond the pale of law who should refuse to take up arms against their State.

As the result of this arbitrary and oppressive course, the people of the back country rose in bands under their own leaders, Marion and Sumter, who gained from their enemies the immortal sobriquets respectively of the "Old Fox" and the "Game Cock." But it is just to these partisan leaders and to others who followed later to remember that most of them had joined the patriot army at the very beginning of the Revolution, and were now only returning to the struggle from a different standpoint. When there was not a Continental soldier in the State out of the hands of the British, says Mr. McGrady; when the Governor, leaving not a vestige of civil government, had fled for safety beyond the borders he was elected to protect—these brave volunteers, without commissions and without pay, began the struggle to redeem the State from the completely victorious foe. With comparative ease and by the accepted methods, the English had conquered an army and overthrown a government; but, like Napoleon in Spain and Maximilian in Mexico, they had now aroused a people. In more than one hundred battles, against the British regular, the red Indian, and the implacable Tory, these "partisan" bands, by fierce onslaught and slow attrition, by the capture of outposts, the destruction of baggage trains, and the cutting of communications, inflicted such loss upon the enemy that, though he was victorious in every engagement with the Continental armies sent against him under Gates and Greene, he was compelled, in order to save himself from complete destruction, to retreat with every soldier under his command behind the fortifications of Charleston.

It is at this point of the narrative that Mr. McCrady has done the greatest historical service and at which he is likely to be most strongly criticised. Our author shows that an altogether undue proportion of praise has been given to Gen. Greene for his part in the Revolution in the Southern department. His military fame has rested chiefly upon the fact that when, after the battle of Guilford Courthouse, Cornwallis withdrew to Wilmington, N. C., Greene boldly struck into South Carolina, on the supposition that Cornwallis could not afford to follow him into that State and so neglect his northward campaign, and that if the Earl should pursue the northward campaign, the Americans in South Carolina would be able to recover the State. But it comes out that this movement did not originate with Greene but with "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, the closest friend and most trusted adviser among his officers, and that on several occasions Greene was with difficulty deterred by Lee and Sumter from leaving South Carolina. He hankered for Virginia, where more brilliant achievements might await him. He talked of "glory" almost as much as Frederick the Great on his first campaign, and, like that general upon that occasion, committed some grievous strategic errors in the pursuit of it; but whether the parallel might have been sustained farther, the brevity of Greene's career as an independent commander renders it impossible to say. Greene appears, under Mr. McCrady's searching examination, rather more of a tactician than a strategist; for he always fought well after he got into battle, though he sometimes got into it inaptly, and did not always strike at the most opportune time or select with good judgment the position to be occupied or to be attacked. Thus it was in the summer of 1781. Shortly after Greene's defeat at Hobkirk's Hill, Sumter so effectually harassed the British in their rear that Lord Rawdon was obliged to retreat toward Charleston. When he had about half covered the distance toward that post of safety, an opportunity occurred for Greene to strike a retreating enemy with a superior force in the best of spirits. Sumter and others urged it. But Greene declined

to force an engagement, and so allowed the junction he knew Rawdon was attempting, and was compelled to fight the British later under circumstances unfavorable to himself. Instead, he led off a portion of his army to be repulsed before the strong fort at Ninety-Six, and returned with a weakened force to be driven from the field of Eutaw. He fought Eutaw well; but equally as good fighting four months earlier in the same region would have given him the victory, and would also have secured the fall of Ninety-Six, instead of his own profitless losses before its walls.

The Americans employed three sorts of troops during the Revolution: regulars, or Continentals; State militia; and irregular volunteers, or partisans. A degree of credit not generally acknowledged is due to these last. The conception entertained by the Continental Congress of an army was of a body of hired fighters, such as the history of Europe made them familiar with, like the regular army of Great Britain. Volunteer levies enlisted for several years, such as have become familiar to the present generation in the war of secession or in the recent war with Spain, were not the practice in the Revolution. The State troops were ordinarily militia called out for two months at a time or thereabouts. The partisan bands of Sumter, Marion, Pickens, and others of less note, differed from either of the above-named classes of troops, since they assembled simply at the request of their leaders and served as long as necessity demanded or the situation of their families, regarding provisions and protection, allowed. For these non-regular troops, the Continental officers affected the supercilious disdain which professional soldiers commonly display toward volunteers. Greene spoke of them as a riffraff out for plunder rather than patriotism, and toward their officers as well he conceived a deeply rooted dislike, carefully concealed, however, from them. Yet the number of British slain, wounded, and captured in South Carolina by these men much exceeded the losses inflicted by the Continental army. No American officers deserve higher credit for their character and exertions than the just and patient Pickens; the swift and bril-

liant Sumter, so furious in attack and so enduring in affliction; and the prudent, humane, and skillful Marion. Mr. McCrady's service is very great in setting before the world, partly from hitherto unused manuscripts of some of the participants, the part these men played in bringing the Revolution to a successful termination. For it was their incessant activity that kept one British army permanently in South Carolina, delayed another on its northward march, diverted much-needed reinforcements from New York, and, by thus disordering the plan of crushing Washington between Clinton and the advancing army of Cornwallis from the South, sent the latter to his fate at Yorktown.

The history of the Revolution in South Carolina has never before been adequately written. Mr. McCrady has done the work with a thorough knowledge of all the bewildering details and with a grasp of the movements in their entirety that completely elucidates the subject. He has described and correlated the one hundred and thirty-seven battles and skirmishes which occurred within the State, scattered over literally every county—something no other State can approximate.* After the perusal of Mr. McCrady's work we can realize as we could not before the justness of the words of Bancroft: "Left mainly to her own resources, it was through the depth of wretchedness that her sons were to bring her back to her place in the republic, after suffering more and daring more and achieving more than the men of any other State."

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*Recently the number of counties in South Carolina has been increased from thirty-six to forty-two. In one, or possibly two, of the smallest of these six new counties there was no battle.

PHILIP FRENEAU, THE POET OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

FEW of the students of American history have more than a mere nominal acquaintance with the poets of our Revolutionary period. The reason, perhaps, is not far to seek. There were but few poets in America during those times of disorder and strife, times not favorable to the production of literature, whether prose or poetry. The Muse is shy and loves peace and quiet; she does not dwell in a land of turmoil and strife. Yet the Muse, if duly invoked, will come even in war times and inspire the poet's song. We know that there were poets in our country during the Civil War, and so there were writers of verse in America during the Revolutionary War. Who else could have given rhythmical expression to the sentiments of freedom that must have filled the breast of the Revolutionary soldier during that long, weary period from the battle of Lexington to the surrender at Yorktown? Can we suppose that Washington's soldiers, as they sat night after night around their scant camp fires at Valley Forge, talking over their hardships and privations, had no war songs, no ballads to revive their drooping spirits and give them fresh courage and inspiration for battles to come? Such a supposition is well-nigh unthinkable. Some one, therefore, must have composed these songs and ballads. That is the office of the poet.

It is one of these singers of Revolutionary times that forms the subject of the present sketch. Philip Freneau was no "idle singer of an empty day." He was more than a writer of verse. He was a bluff seaman; and when American independence was declared, he fitted out a ship and put to sea, and there inflicted many heavy losses upon the British mer-

*The Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association. By Fred Lewis Pattee. Vol. I. Princeton, N. J., The University Library, 1902.

chantmen. He not only sung the victories and daring deeds of the Revolutionary soldier, but when our independence was won—and he himself labored to win it—he also helped to shape, in a humble way, the policy and destiny of our nation. A journalist by profession, wielding a trenchant, vigorous pen, he edited one after another of the important party journals of the times, and made their influence tell. He spoke out in no uncertain tones with reference to the questions which then engaged public attention, and he contributed powerfully in forming public opinion upon those questions. For instance, he refused to indorse certain measures of Washington's administration and ardently supported Genet's appeal from the president to the people—an event which marked a crisis in the early history of our nation. He also strenuously opposed the United States Bank.

Philip Freneau was born in the city of New York on the 2d of January, 1752. His father was Pierre Freneau, of Huguenot descent, and his mother was Agnes Watson, a relative of the antiquary, John Fanning Watson. When the boy was but two years old, his father moved from New York to Mount Pleasant, a country place near Freehold, N. J. Here young Philip spent his boyhood days and attended school, till he entered Princeton College. At Princeton he enjoyed the distinction of having Madison for his roommate and Burr for a classmate. He was graduated from his *alma mater* in 1771 and started out in the world to make his way. But he never forgot the old home at Mount Pleasant, and was always glad to return to the scenes of his childhood.

After his graduation, Freneau studied law and taught school, but only to become wearied with each as a profession. He then conceived the idea of going to sea, and set out on a voyage to the Danish West Indies. Two years later he made a voyage to Bermuda, and soon learning to master a ship, he became very fond of sea life. When he learned that American Independence was declared, he obtained letters of marque and reprisal from the Continental Congress, and is reputed to have captured and destroyed many a British merchant ship. On a voyage to the West Indies in 1780 he

was captured by the British cruiser *Scorpion* and held a prisoner for some time. His experiences as a prisoner he subsequently described in the lines entitled "The British Prison Ship." After the close of the war he followed various pursuits, first as an editor and then as a captain of a vessel making regular voyages to the West Indies and later to the Southern States. In 1790 he abandoned the sea and entered journalism, a profession which had for him a remarkable fascination.

Freneau launched out upon the sea of journalism as editor of the New York *Daily Advertiser*. However, for some reason he soon resigned this post, and we next find him in control of the *National Gazette*. It was while he was editor of this journal that he attacked Washington, against whom and the Federalists in general he directed the keenest shafts of his criticism. Indeed, so violent were his attacks that Hamilton, the leader and able exponent of the Federalist party, accused Freneau of being the pensioned tool of Jefferson, who was the recognized head of the opposite party. This charge by Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, elicited from Freneau an explanatory letter to President Washington, and the incident was closed. Without entering upon the question of the truth or falsity of the charge, it may be observed that Freneau had been employed by Jefferson, the Secretary of State, as translator for the State Department. Moreover, it was alleged that Jefferson was Freneau's political patron. Whether this be true or not does not fall within the scope of this sketch to discuss, but there is no doubt that Freneau shared Jefferson's political opinions and was an ardent supporter of his views.

Freneau severed his connection with the *National Gazette* not long after this incident, and subsequently became editor of the *Jersey Chronicle*, which he published from his home at Mount Pleasant, N. J. In 1797, however, we find him again in New York, where he undertook to edit and publish the *Timepiece and Literary Companion*; but in keeping with his roving nature he soon resigned this position also. It may be remarked to his credit that while he was editor of this paper

he exerted a marked influence for good writing, and by terse, vigorous English endeavored to make the journal more than a mere news sheet. After his retirement from the *Time-piece and Literary Companion* Freneau dropped out of public notice, and for the remnant of his days must have retired to private life. The evening of life he spent at his home at Mount Pleasant, where he occupied his time in reading, in answering the letters of his many correspondents, and in writing an occasional article for the press. His end was sudden and tragic. In December, 1832, while returning in a snowstorm from the village circulating library, chilled and benumbed by the cold, he fell and broke his hip, and was found dead by the roadside. He was buried at his home under his favorite tree, under the shade of which he wrote many of his stirring poems. Such was the tragic end of the most original and gifted poet of the American Revolution.

It is a matter of regret that most of Freneau's prose writing is of a temporary character. Its interest hardly survived the occasion that called it into being. Still, his prose is worth reading, and throws considerable light upon those times, upon contemporary men and public questions. It naturally divides itself into two kinds: first, brief essays on miscellaneous subjects, after the fashion of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, travels and report of an imaginary character in the manner of Voltaire; secondly, political disquisitions and translations from the French. Freneau's political essays are witty and humorous and written in an easy style. His attacks upon contemporary public men were stinging and of a drastic sort, and his opponents must have winced under the shafts of his keen satire. Freneau was a good French scholar, and his translations for the State Department were presumably faithful and clear. He must also have been a good classical scholar, for his rendition of the first ode of the first book of Horace, Nereus's prophecy of the destruction of Troy, was the happiest up to that time, and remains still unsurpassed in our literature.

But it is not his tirades and invectives against his polit-

ical opponents who, for one reason or another, drew his fire, nor his philosophical disquisitions, nor his accurate and graceful translations, by which he is remembered and known. It is his patriotic ballads, his war songs, that far more than his prose have contributed to make his name more than a mere shadow.

From early childhood Freneau is said to have shown a decided penchant for verse. Such was his aptitude at versifying that, when a student at Princeton, he wrote a poem in four cantos, entitled "The Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah," which was regarded as very clever and creditable. When only in his nineteenth year he composed a poem, "The Pyramids of Egypt," which Edward F. Delancey, the New York lawyer and historian, thinks "extraordinary as the work of a youth of eighteen years," and compares favorably with Bryant's "Thanatopsis." In the early part of his career, while in the West Indies, Freneau wrote two of his finest poems, "The Beauties of Santa Cruz," and "The House of Night." The first of these is a descriptive poem of considerable length, and the second a weird, imaginative poem suggesting something of Poe's "Raven." The author used his poetical talents again and again during the dark days of the Revolution to revive the depressed spirits of the American soldier. He threw himself, heart and soul, into the struggle for American independence, and wrote and fought for this worthy purpose. It was this cause that inspired his genius and called forth his stirring patriotic ballads. Nor did he grow weary during the seven long years of bitter privation and hardship; but by song and example, with untiring devotion and unabated zeal, he endeavored to keep alive in the breast of others the fervent desire for the freedom of his country which glowed in his own bosom.

"The British Prison Ship" is probably Freneau's most popular poem. As has been said, it was written to commemorate the author's experiences while a prisoner on the British ship Scorpion. The circumstances of the composition of this ballad remind one of those in which Francis Scott Key, the laureate of the war of 1812, penned the lines of the "Star-

Spangled Banner," as he paced the deck of the British frigate under the belching guns of Fort McHenry. Freneau's poem is, of course, longer and lacks the lilt and fire of Key's stirring lyric. The dirge over the heroes who fell at the battle of Eutaw Springs is one of the finest things that Freneau ever did, antedating by some years Campbell's "Hohenlinden," which it suggests. It is interesting to note that Campbell paid Freneau the compliment to borrow a line from the latter's "Indian Burying Ground"—"The hunter and the deer a shade"—which he incorporated into his "O'Connor's Child;" and Sir Walter Scott has a line in the introduction to the third canto of "Marmion," which offers a striking parallel to a line in Freneau's "Eutaw Springs"—"They took the spear, but left the shield." If imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, surely Freneau must have felt flattered when these English poets thus acknowledged their admiration of his verses. A shining example of our poet's skill as a balladist are the lines "On the Memorable Victory," written to commemorate the celebrated naval victory of Paul Jones in the North Sea.

Freneau had a genuine appreciation of nature, and this feeling found expression in a number of his poems. Some of these, such as "To a Honey Bee," and "The Wild Honeysuckle," show distinct delicacy of feeling and lightness of touch. Indeed, some critics consider these two snatches of song the best poems of Freneau, and they are probably not far wrong. I venture to quote the four stanzas of "The Wild Honeysuckle," as exhibiting our poet's intense love of nature as well as his art and facility in versification:

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet;
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the garden shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with these charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see thy future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts, and autumn's power,
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews,
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

Assuredly the feeling that inspired this graceful tribute is akin to Wordsworth's love for the daffodil and the daisy. We must search American literature far before we find anything that surpasses this little ode. It makes one feel that Freneau merits more attention than he has received at the hands of those who make up our anthologies.

Freneau was a versatile and facile poet, and, in addition to his war lyrics and descriptions of nature, wrote on a variety of subjects. But he was withal a very unequal poet, and his verses show some glaring defects. Some of his poems, as, for instance, those mentioned above, are cleverly conceived and gracefully expressed. Others are carelessly written and reveal a lack of finish and style. Freneau was apparently like Byron, if we may compare a minor with a great poet, faulty in the technical execution of his work, and frequently lapsed into carelessness and seeming indifference to his art. In explanation of this we are told that Freneau was by nature indolent and impulsive and lacked application. Nor is it hard to believe this when we examine his work. It is a matter of regret that he did not take more pains with the children of his poetic invention and write more uniformly up to his level. But it is needless to lament.

Freneau has been given various sobriquets by the ardent admirers of his genius, such as the "Poet of the Revolution," the "Laureate of the War of Independence," and the "Patriot Poet." These are not altogether empty, gratuitous titles, as can be seen from an examination of his poetry that has survived to the present; for the charm, vigor, and passion of his

verse deservedly entitle him to this distinction beyond all his rival contemporaries. No American poet of that period was inspired by a more intense, passionate love for the freedom of his country, or gave expression to this feeling in more impassioned verse. Apart from his patriotic songs, Freneau wrote some lyrics that breathe a genuine poetic spirit and bespeak a nice appreciation of nature. He had also the perilous gift of satire; and some of his satiric verses are as poignant and drastic as those of Byron or Dryden. But it will not be by his satire and invective, nor by his poems on nature, however delicate and beautiful these may be, that Freneau will live. It was his fervent love for American independence that first loosed his tongue, and it is the patriotic ballads in which that love found impassioned utterance that will plead for the retention of his name in American literature.

EDWIN W. BOWEN.

A NEGLECTED ELIZABETHAN POET.

THE writers of the history of the poetry and literature of the Elizabethan age have not so much as mentioned the name of Humfrey Gifford, nor have the later anthologists of the Elizabethan lyrical and ballad poetry a single stanza from his poetry. George Ellis gives three short pieces of Gifford's in his "Specimens of the Early English Poets" (1845), and Edward Farr reprints seven of the religious poems in his "Select Poetry, Chiefly Devotional, of the Reign of Elizabeth" (1845), and the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart reprinted the poems of Gifford in 1870 in an edition of one hundred and six copies, and again in 1875 in one of forty-five copies, both impressions being for private circulation. This is all that has been done to keep alive the name of the poet. It is the purpose of this paper to show that the author of "A Posie of Gilloflowers" possesses considerable merit in the quality, form, and matter of his poetry, and that he deserves more attention than has been shown him.

There is but one copy of the original edition of Gifford's collection of poems and prose translations called "A Posie of Gilloflowers." This is catalogued 239 g 33 in the British Museum. Dr. Grosart, in the introduction to his reprint, has given us the results of a diligent search for material on the poet's life. He found some scattered and unimportant documents and established Gifford's right to the title of "Gent." which he assumes as the author of the "Posie." John Guillim, in his "Display of Heraldry," gives our author's name, describing the coat of arms and placing the seat of the family at Halsworth, Devonshire. There turns out to have been no Halsworth in Devonshire, but Grosart identifies the name as a misprint or an inadvertence for Halsbury, and in the parish registers of this place he finds many notices of Giffords, Giffards, Gyffords, etc. The quotation from the "Display of Heraldry" above referred to, after de-

scribing the arms of the family, continues, "from whence descended the great Collector of choice Rarities, Humfrey Gifford, of the Poulter Compter, London, Gent." The "Poulter Compter," as Grosart shows, was one of the principal prisons for debt of the metropolis, and Gifford seems to have held an office of some importance in this prison system.

The most important and trustworthy evidence we have concerning Gifford is found in the Epistles-Dedicatory prefixed to the "Posie" and in certain occasional and personal references in the poems themselves. The first of the Epistles, that to the prose portion of the collection, begins: "To the Worshipful, his very good Maister, Edward Cope of Edon, Esquire, Humfrey Gifforde wisheth many yeeres of prosperities. Hauing by your Worship's fauorable permittance, conuenient oportunity in your seruice, to bestow certain houres amongst my bookes—with which exercise of all earthly recreations I am most delighted—both reason bids me, and duety bindes me, to make you partaker of some of the fruits of my studies," etc. The letter goes on in a decorous and fully rounded style to say that the author has never served any other master, and he acknowledges that he is more bound to his patron—his parents excepted—than all the world beside. He explains that these prose "toies" are translations from Italian and French sources.

The second Epistle-Dedicatory, that to the verse of the "Posie," is addressed to "the Worshipfull John Stafford of Bletherwicke, Esquire," to whom the author acknowledges himself deeply indebted for professed courtesies and good opinion. "The thing that I here present you with, is a Posie of Gillowflowers, collected out of the garden of mine owne inuentions; which if they shal come too short in shew and colour, or proue inferiour in sent and odour to that which is to be looked for of so fragrant a flower, let the Gardener—I pray you—be excused, who hath done his good-will and indeauour in the sowing and setting of them, and lay the fault in the barrennesse of the soyle wherein they were planted," etc.

In the initial poem of the book, "A Prayer," we have a

peculiar set of acrostics, the odd lines reading, DOROTHY DANIEL DANUERS, and the even lines TEMPERANCE, JUSTICE, PRVDENCE, while the last twelve lines read HVMFRI GIFFARD on the odd and even lines respectively. Thus we have our poet connected in some way with the Danvers, Staffords, and Coles, all notable families.

The title-page of the "Posie" reads: "A — POSIE — of Gilloflowers, eche — differing from other in — colour and odour, — yet all sweet. — By Humfrey Gifford, Gent. — Imprinted at London — for John Perin, and are to be — solde at his shop in Paules — Churchyard, at the signe — of the Angell. — 1580." This is the only date we have concerning Gifford, but it is a central one. It makes little difference when the poet was born or when he died. The date of the publication of the book places him chronologically in our literary history, and that is sufficient.

Grosart's first reprint covers 175 pages in the first volume of the *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library*, 45 of which were devoted to introduction, epistles, etc., leaving us 130 pages of poetry. All references in this paper are to this reprint.

Gifford was quite a fluent writer. He could make "Something of Nothing at a Gentlewoman's Request" as the delightful little poem with this title indicates. He seemed to sing easily and naturally on almost any occasion, and a large number of his poems are occasional in subject and character, yet treated in such a way as to make them almost universal in application, so that they have come down to us as interesting reading matter, even for our day. As the poet informs us through his translations, he was well acquainted with contemporary French and Italian literature; but there are no very marked indications of direct imitation of the Italian or French verse forms in his poetry. He uses the six line stanza ababcc with either four or five accents, or the broken septenary or ballad measure almost uniformly, and these forms had been common in English poetry since the publication of *Tottle's Miscellany*, in 1557. The continuous

use of these two metrical forms gives a rather monotonous tone to the poems when read continuously.

The range of subjects embraces a wide field, passing from the extreme of a melancholy dump to a pleasant jest. The poems may be easily classified for discussion here into love poems, humorous pieces, religious and allegorical poems, and occasional poems.

As to the general characteristics of style, it may be noted that the use of alliteration is quite frequent and often rather rough and inharmonious in effect. This was, however, a prominent feature of the poetry of his time, and should not be condemned too severely. Here are a few examples:

Rash Rancour's rage procures fond furious fightes;
Peace makes men swim in seaes of sweet delights.

(A Commendation of Peace, p. 58.)

Who wisely waies false Fortune's fickle change.

(Of the Instability of Fortune, p. 70.)

The juxtaposition of extremes, commonly known as Petrarchism, is of frequent occurrence. The following example illustrates also the extreme pressure on alliteration:

In mirth they moane, yet smile amidst their woe:
In fire they freese, in frost they fry straightway:
Swift legges to runne, yet are not able goe:
Such is the state in which poore louers stay.

(Of the Uncontented Estate of Louers, p. 118.)

Another quotation showing the combination of internal rhyme with alliteration has a pleasing effect:

Her smiles are wyles, to cause men hope for hap,
Her traynes breed paynes, though pleasant be the show,
Him whom she now doth dandle in her lap,
Straightway sustaines a wretched ouerthrow.

(On the Instability of Fortune, p. 71.)

The metrical structure is almost mechanical in its regularity, yet, as has been indicated, it flows naturally and spontaneously. He seemed to "lisp in numbers, for the numbers came." Not more than two or three instances of imperfect lines have been noted—that is, lines without the exact number of syllables carefully counted and the accents evenly and uniformly placed, and these breaks are easily attributable to

printers' errors. Pope himself could not have been more exact.

The love poems seem to center around one Gentlewoman. One could easily imagine that every poem records some phase of an actual passion. In the poem, "A Renouncing of Loue," p. 64, the poet argues from the absolutely foolish antics of lovers that there is no reason in love:

They frye and freese in myldest weather,
They weepe and laugh, euen both together.
Since reason rules not Venus' sport,
No reason bids me scale that forte.

In another, "For his Friende," p. 68, he bewails the torments of Cupid's bondage which he must endure, and prays his mistress to have pity on him:

As late abrode I cast my lookes,
In Fancie's lune I fast was caught,
And Beauty with her bayted hookes,
Hath me alas in bondage brought;
I loue, but lacke the thing I craue,
I liue, but want my chiefest good,
I hope, but hap I cannot haue,
I serue, but starue for want of foode.
Deare dame, in humble sort I sew,
Since mine estate to you is known,
Voutsafe my dolefull case to rew,
And sauе his life who is your owne.

Two poems with the same title, "For a Gentlewoman," p. 85, may be considered as one, being identical in form and theme. Grosart says this is the most noticeable poem in the book, and he continues: "The lines are tremulous with emotion. The sentiment is manly and worthy in itself, the utterance purged in its disdain of the player with the true heart. There is this extrinsic about it also, that if without the finish and power of our living laureate's immortal "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," its burden and the movement of its measure recall the later singer in the quaintest way possible; not a trick of the memory merely, but really." A short quotation will suffice for the comparison:

Like as a forte or fenced towne,
By foes assault, that lies in field,
When bulwarkes all are beaten downe,
Is by perforce constrainde to yelde.

So I that coud no while withstand
 The battery of your pleasant loue,
 The flagge of truce tooke in my hande,
 And meant your mercy for to proue. . . .
 Your sugred speech was but a baite,
 Wherewith to bleare my simple eyes,
 And vnder these did lurke deceipt,
 As poison vnder hony lies.
 Wherefore since now your drift is knowne,
 Goe set your staule some other where—
 I may not so be ouerthowne,
 Your double dealings make me feare. . . .
 Your loue in me shall haue no roome,
 Whiles life and breath shal make me live.

But in the judgment of the present writer the best of the love poems is that one entitled "A New Yeere's Gift to a Gentlewoman," p. 97, and he cannot refrain from quoting some of its stanzas. It is extremely interesting in its form. The lover of Burns will recognize the short line effect and the repetition of a foot at the end of a long line as devices frequently employed by that poet in his songs. The reader will note the internal rhymes in the first and third lines with the repetition of the last foot, presumably a musical device, though it gives a pleasant effect in the reading. The rhyme scheme is effective throughout, and the intricacy and delicacy with which the stanza is handled give it a peculiarly modern flavor.

If pure good will, not meaning ill, might boldly, might boldly,
 Presume to tell his minde:
 I wold not vse, in terms diffuse, thus coldly, thus coldly,
 To shew myselfe a freend.
 But now adayes, so sinne preuailes,
 That fayth decaies, and friendship fayles,
 Most men are so infected with ialous musing braines;
 That Trust as one reected, forsaken cleane remaines.
 And thinges are constred cleane awry,
 When nought was meant but honestie.
 But now sweete hearte, it is my part, to open, to open,
 The summe of mine intent:
 I send this bil, for pure good will, in token, in token,
 That former yeere is spent;
 It is in deede a simple shift,
 To serue in steede of new yeere's gift:
 Though slenderly I make it, your pardon let mee haue,

If in good part you take it, no more of you I crave:
So shall you binde mee day by day,
To pleasure you in what I may.

Proceede my deere, the case is cleare, now stay not, now stay not:
Give iudgement out of hand:

If you ordaine perpetuall paine, I way not, I way not,
Your iust decree shall stand.

And if you will award it so,
That I must now to prison go:

Your heart shall be the prison, wherin I will abyde,
Vtill by right and reason, my case be throughly tride.
O God, how happy should I bee,
If such a gaile enclosèd mee.

Another love poem entitled "His Friend W. C. to Mistress F. K., Whom he Calls his Captaine," is particularly good. Grosart thinks W. C. refers to some member of the Cope family. Ritson thinks it may be the great Camden, who had prefixed verses to Roger's "Anatomy of the Mind" in 1576. Both seem to think that W. C. wrote the poem, but there is no reason why we should not give Gifford the credit of writing the poem for his friend W. C., whoever he may have been. The swing of the lines, the development of the thought, and the general style of these stanzas are not different from those of the other poems of the volume, and additional internal evidence would seem to confirm Gifford's title.

Among the religious poems may be classed the numerous "Dolefull or Melancholy Dumpes;" various "Complaints of Sinners;" several poems on the plan of "Witte and Will Debates;" "Life of Man Metaphorically Compared to a Ship Sayling on the Seas in a Tempest;" allegorical "Dreames" worked out in the fullness of the mediæval imagination with a full quota of moralities like Lady Concord, Good Advice, Mutual Love and her child Plentie, and her enemy Couetousness, etc.

The poem entitled "Farewell Court" might be classed as semireligious, but is more of a didactic or occasional poem. It is the longest of all the pieces in the volume, and is dignified with an introductory preface which informs us that the theme was given to the poet by "his approved friend and

kinsman, Master A. D.," whom Grosart conjectures to be A. Danvers. We also learn that the poet had never seen the fashions of the court, but he thought he knew enough to write a poem on the subject. Witte and Will are introduced. Will represents the pleasures of court life and the gratification of all earthly desires, while Witte and his companion Good Advice stand out for the opposite. The whole is tempered with a passage (entirely in accord with the custom of the time, for every Elizabethan lauds his Queen to the skies) of excessively gallant speeches anent the young Queen.

Shee is—next God—the onely spring
 From which our welfare flowes:
 She is a tree, on which nought els
 But graftes of goodnesse growes:
 Shee is a sunne that shines on vs
 With beames of blissfull happes;
 Shee is a dew that daily drops
 Great plenty in our lappes. Etc.

(Farewell Court, p. 157.)

This quotation illustrates, too, the commonest of his meters, the old fourteener broken after the fourth foot.

It is worth while noting that the stanza of the poem entitled "A Complaint of a Sinner," p. 135, is the same as that intricate one already quoted, except that it has twelve lines instead of ten. One stanza of this will illustrate the style of the best of the religious poems:

O Lord most deare, with many a teare, lamenting, lamenting,
 I fall before Thy face,
 And for this crime, done ere this time, repenting, repenting,
 Most humbly call for grace.
 Through wanton will I must confesse,
 Thy precepts still I doe transgresse;
 The world with his vayne pleasure
 Hewitcht my senses so
 That I could find no leasure,
 My vices to foregoe.
 I grannte I haue through my deserte,
 Deserud great plagues and bitter smart.

The five stanzas are peculiarly attractive. There is a simplicity, a directness, a sincerity, and a total absence of cant that make all the religious poetry noteworthy.

Before taking up the occasional poems and the humorous pieces, attention may be called to the pretty little poem "In the Praise of Musicke," p. 91. It opens with a description of Orpheus's trip to hell, where the effects of his music before Pluto's "regall throne" are given in detail. Then follows a remarkable passage which reminds us of the lines in the moonlight scene of the "Merchant of Venice," where Lorenzo says:

The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, etc.

It is this:

If Musicke with her notes diuine,
So great remorse can moue,
I deeme that man bereft of wits,
Which Musicke will not loue.

Grosart also notices that in the Epistle to the Reader Gifford uses the following language: "Such as *take men's purses* from them vndesired, passe often by the sentence of a cord, and shall such as *robbe men of their good names* vndeserued, be suffered to escape scot free?" We recall at once the passage in Othello. Grosart says: "I like to do honour to my ancient Worthy by thinking of the possibility of Shakespeare having valued the Posie."

Only one of the occasional poems need detain us, but that is a remarkably fine patriotic lyric which ought by all means to find its way into the anthologies. It is called "For Soldiers," p. 59, and was evidently written on the occasion of the great stir and ominous forebodings just prior to the threatened invasion of the Spaniards with their Invincible Armada. The poem is full of genuine patriotic fervor, and must have been popular in its day. The meter is the old fourteener, but the shifting of the pause, which is clearly indicated by the internal and double rhymes, makes a peculiar variation of the meter. We usually have the septenary broken up into 4's and 3's, but here we have in addition 3's and 4's, 2's and 6's, and when carried away by the rush of feeling even eight stresses in a line with medial pause, making 4's and 4's. There are internal and double and feminine

rhymes, with alliteration, onomatopœia, and whatever else goes to make a good hot fight.

Ye buds of Brutus' land, courageous youths, now play your parts:
Unto your tackle stand, abide the brunt with valiant hearts.
For news is carried to and fro, that we must forth to warfare goe:
Men muster now in euery place, and souldiers are prest forth apace.
Faynt not, spend bloud, to doe your Queen and countrey good:
Fayre wordes, good pay, will make men cast al care away.

The time of Warre is come, prepare your corslet, speare and shield,
Methinks I heare the drumme strike doleful marches to the field:
Tantara, tantata, ye trumpets sound, which makes our hearts with ioy
abound.

The roring guns are heard afar, and every thing denounceth Warre;
Serve God, stand stoute, bold courage brings this gear about.
Feare not, forth run; faint heart faire lady never wonne.

The whole song should be read to get the full effect.

It remains to notice the humorous poems which, though naturally light in character, are delightfully entertaining. Most of them remind us of poems of the class of Cowper's "John Gilpin." The meter is generally in broken septenaries with internal rhyme. This gives a rollicking and lilty measure for "A Pleasaunt Jest." The one with this title begins:

Sometimes in Fraunce it did so chaunce,
One that did seruice lacke:
A country clowne went vp and downe,
With fardell on his backe:
When that this swad long trauailde had,
Some seruice to require,
His fortune was, as hee did passe,
A farmar did him hire. Etc.

The jest turns on the "lubcock's" climbing a tree to outsing a cuckoo for the honor of his town. While he was engaged in this laudable occupation, two wolves ate his master's horse. He went home to his master in great trepidation; and the latter, being very wroth at the loss of his horse, determined to make the poor fellow pay for the animal with his life. His case was finally laid before the ladies, and they decided that one who had defended the honor of the township with so great good will should not be punished.

The narrative entitled "A Delectable Dreame" is delightfully naïve. It resembles those popular poems of Gold-

smith's, "An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog" and "An Elegy on the Glory of Her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize." The humorous effect is produced by describing some ordinary fact or event as if it were a wondrous thing. The poet falls asleep and dreams of a harper playing and singing a song among a crowd of women.

A woman's face is full of wiles,
Her teares are like the crocodill:
With outward cheere on thee she smiles,
When in her heart shee thinkes thee ill;
Her tongue still chattes of this and that,
Then aspen leaf it wagges more fast,
And as she talkes shee knowes not what,
There yssues many a troathlesse blast.
Thou farre dost take thy marke amisse,
If thou thinke fayth in them to finde,
The wethercocke more constant is,
Which turnes about with euery winde.
O how in pittie they abound!
Their heart is milde, like marble stone!
If in thyselfe no hope bee found,
Be sure of them thou gettest none.
I know some pepernosèd dame,
Will tearme me foole and sawcie iack,
That dare their credit so defame,
And lay such slanders on their backe.
What though on mee they powre their spite,
I may not vse the glosers trade,
I cannot say the crow is white,
But needes must call a spade a spade.

The women are outraged, of course, and pray the gods to send some plague upon the singer as a warning to all who may speak ill of womankind.

Heerewith—a wonder to bee tolde—
His feete stoode fast vpon the ground,
His face was neither young nor olde;
His harpe vtoucht woyld yeeld no sound,
Long hayre did grow about his scull,
His skinne was white, his blood was read:
His paunch with guts was bombast full,
No dogge had ever such a head:
His coulour oft did goe and come,
His eies did stare as he did stand:
Also foure fingers and a thombe,
Might now be seene in eyther hand, etc.

Finally, by silent signs, he seems to beg that the gods would punish him no further and he promises to recant all he had said. Being pardoned, he sings another song in such excessive praise of woman that it becomes really more satirically humorous than the first. But the "faeries" seem delighted with his recantation, and dance around in their glee. Just at this point a friend comes by and wakes the poet from his delectable dream.

Another Merry Jest tells how a witty scholar who had no money nor clothes helped himself. A rich, newly married widow, who talks a kind of Dutch brogue, meets him at the door and asks him where he comes from. He replies "Paris," and she understands him to say "Paradise," whereupon she begins to ask about her former husband. He tells her that her husband is well, but thinks it strange that she sent him out of the world with a bare sheet. In penitence she hurries off to the shop and gets a lot of fine clothes and puts money in the scholar's purse, bidding him hurry to paradise with the clothes, which, of course, he does promptly. Half an hour later the second husband comes in and makes a big fuss at the good news his wife tells him about her former husband. He jumps on his horse and hastens after the scholar. The latter, seeing him coming, hides his bundle, and when asked for information about the fugitive says that a man with a bundle has just stepped over the stile. The irate husband asks the innocent-looking clerk to hold his horse while he hastens after the culprit. Then the scholar takes up his bundle of clothes, jumps on the horse, and rides away. When the disgusted husband returns to his home on foot,

His wife did meeete him at the doore,
Hayee caught man?—quoth shee.
No dame—he sayde—he caught my horse:
The diuel take him and thee.
With that she laught and clapt her hands,
And sayde cham glad ich sweare,
For now he hath a horse to ride,
He wilbe quickly there.

In one other humorous poem a good effect is produced by the feminine rhymes at the internal cæsuras and at the

ends of the lines, and by the anapestic license in the iambic measure. It is called "For His Friend," p. 141, and is a tirade against a faithless fair one. The conceit of the pain settling in his little finger is particularly good:

Whiles I heere in moning, the time out doe linger
My grief and my groning is falne in my finger.
My finger, my finger, my finger, beleeue:
Alas little finger, ful sore thou dost grieue me!
Was euer a finger perplext in such taking?
I thinke my poore finger will neuer leaue aking.

From these meager and necessarily scraplike selections from Humfrey Gifford's verses the reader may be prepared to judge whether the poet is worthy of recognition or not. No one would be so bold as to ask for him a high place among the brilliant company of Elizabethans; but for his easy facility of style, for his humor, for his purity both in language and thought, and for the genuine feeling and absolute sincerity which his poems seem to express, he certainly deserves some place. It is to be hoped that those who are making a study of this period, with a view to publication, will not entirely overlook the author of "A Posie of Gilloflowers."

L. W. PAYNE, JR.

THE PONTIFICATE OF LEO XIII.

ON March 3 the Supreme Pontiff celebrated with all ecclesiastical pomp and splendor the twenty-fifth anniversary of his formal elevation to the Papacy. It is indeed his Jubilee Year. He has completed the ninety-third year of his age, the sixtieth of his episcopate, the forty-seventh of his archiepiscopate, and is completing the fiftieth of his cardinalate.

Giovacchino Vincenzo Pecci was born at Carpineto in 1810, and so his birth falls only one year behind that which saw the birth of so many leaders of nineteenth century thought. The family of Pecci are old and noble, though their fortunes, too, have been steadily drained along with the impoverishment of the upper classes of Italy. Especially since 1870 has this been true by reason of their refusal to take any share in the governmental advantages of United Italy. Young Pecci passed with all honor through the regular course of study for young Italians destined for the Church. As a boy he is said by his talents and promise to have attracted the notice of Pope Leo XII., who died when Pecci was nineteen. It was in his honor, and in grateful recognition of his favor, that Cardinal Pecci took the title of Leo XIII. Upon his ordination, the young priest was at once taken into the diplomatic service of the Vatican; and in 1843, when only thirty-three years of age, was sent as Papal Nuncio to Brussels. His career of a year in this capacity was marked with the utmost success. His polished manners, and knowledge of the world of men and of letters, gave him an advantage possessed by few envoys. The Papacy had then, in large measure, recovered from the humiliations inflicted by Napoleon, and had not yet had her claims shorn by the unification of Italy and the establishment of the German Empire; and the post of Papal Nuncio was one well worthy of the best efforts of an ambitious young Church-

man. But Pecci was recalled to Rome the next year, to begin his rapid rise through the gradations of the hierarchy. It is worth while to note this date, for since then the Pope has never set foot outside of Italy. For sixty years the current of modern life has set ever more strongly and swiftly toward democracy. Scientific inventions have changed the daily life of peasant and prince. The internal economy of no nation of Europe, not even of Russia, is the same as it was then, and yet the aged Pontiff has never breathed the air of a single country where modern problems have been wrought out. Whatever progress has been made in Italy in government and finance, has been made in the face of the bitterest hostility of his Church, and, since twenty-five years, of himself.

Leo's personality is a pleasing one. His extreme emaciation, the delicacy of his features, the waxen pallor from which gleam forth those wonderful black eyes, the taper fingers, and the marvelous voice, have again and again roused multitudes to a frenzied adoration. His life has always been pure. His habits are those of an ascetic, his diet is of the simplest, the furnishings of his apartments are meager. He is never unwell, and his physicians look for his death only with the natural cessation of the vital functions. His conversation and tastes are literary, as an Italian of the Church understands literature; and his Latin poetry is probably the best since Addison's. He lacks originality almost utterly, but his ode to the New Century and minor poems in praise of an abstemious life and a quiet mind show an elegance of taste and expression attained by few experimenters in verse.

The subject of Leo in his official capacity is one upon which conjecture must play a large part when the interpretation of the acts and results of his pontificate is called for. It follows that one must be very chary of attempting any such interpretation. Indeed, to do so lies entirely beyond the scope of the present paper. A non-Romanist, in by far the majority of instances, approaches the Papacy with a mind made up and, however honest in purpose, hostile. Or,

if he may have so far weaned himself from training and tradition, he is more than apt to fall into a maudlin sentimentality which idealizes the institutional and corporate methods of the Church of Rome. Especially is it difficult to be unbiased when we have to study Leo's pontificate; for in it have been presented for solution more problems than in the pontificates of all his predecessors. And these are problems generated by world-forces; they cannot be shirked or ignored. All other Christian bodies have, more or less voluntarily, attacked them; the Roman Church, too, must solve their riddle.

What are the leading facts as to Leo's attitude toward the great movements of our modern thought? Are his fairest-seeming acts of toleration and enlightenment to be referred—as Nippold, the Old Catholic historian, refers them—to a steady policy of Jesuitry? Or are they the acts of one who sees that the hitherto immobile machine of Rome must adapt itself to the irresistible awakening of Science and Democracy, which, with all their errors, are yet of divine origin and approval? Does Leo sincerely desire to harmonize them?

Leo earned the title of the "Peace Pope" by his announcement of his accession to those States—such as Germany, Russia, and the Swiss Federation—with which his predecessor had come to open rupture. He further expressed it as his desire that friendly relations be resumed. The maintenance of such relations has certainly been his policy with all countries, saving, of course, Unified Italy. Such a policy differentiates him widely from Pius IX., though it must in fairness be said that Leo had not to endure the personal chagrin and humiliation which was the portion of Pius for eight years. To have enjoyed the temporal power and then be shorn of it, is a far different thing from never having had it at all.

At any rate, Leo became the "Peace Pope," though Nippold finds a grim jest in the bestowal of such a name upon one who had, as Bishop of Perugia, in a pastoral letter, characterized Protestantism as "a pest, the most pestilential

heresy, a stupid, fickle system, originating in arrogance and godlessness." Nor does Nippold see any essential respect in which Pecci, since he has become infallible, has departed from that opinion. However that be, Leo's relations with non-Romish countries have been purely upon State grounds; nor has he any more recognized any non-Romish form of worship than did any of his predecessors. Even on grounds of State practice, moreover, he has never surrendered any claim of Papal jurisdiction over earthly principalities. Also on matters touching the power of civil authority, such as marriage, his position is decisive against any rights of other forms of worship. But how could it be otherwise without annulling the dogma of the sacramental essence of marriage? And hence his fourth encyclical (February, 1880) denies to the State every right to regulate the laws of marriage. Further, the Church must be free from any guardianship by the secular government, for every such government has been shown, by riot, murder, and assassination of rulers, to be inadequate even to the protection of civil society.

As regards education, Leo's third encyclical (August, 1879) makes the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas the foundation of all studies in schools and colleges. Science, if introduced at all into the curricula of Roman schools, has had from Leo no more encouragement than from any of his predecessors. The *Index Expurgatorius* is as completely as ever the supreme authority over all works of science as well as over those of a historical and general literary nature. To sum up, Leo has adhered closely to dogma and method as he received them; the Jesuit organization has had his express sanction and favor, and never in the history of that Order has it been stronger, more enthusiastic, and better disciplined than now.

The establishment of the German Empire, and the unification of Italy, the two most important events of the last generation of the nineteenth century, occurred while Cardinal Pecci was not high in favor with Pope Pius and the Vatican authorities as then constituted. Indeed, there were not lacking ecclesiastics who busily fomented the suspicions

of Pius concerning Pecci's lack of sympathy with his general policy. However that might have been, Leo was certainly taught by Pius's blunders, and, after taking the conciliatory steps noticed above, he pursued toward Germany the most astute diplomatic policy of modern Papal history. The Vatican was now eager to oblige Bismarck on all matters, even when the Center (the Romanist party in the Reichstag) was opposed. Without the Center, Bismarck often found himself checkmated; to win it to his purposes, he had often to surrender to the Vatican more than he could possibly have intended at first. In 1872 Pius IX. had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany. The Reichstag was not slow in retaliating. The Jesuits were expelled, and the Falck Laws passed, of much the same import as those recently passed by the French National Assembly. Several German prelates refused to submit the affairs of their dioceses to governmental oversight, and threatened to excommunicate such of the clergy as should comply with the laws. They were themselves expelled from the German Empire. Within these few years there had occurred also the Old Catholic Movement, precipitated by the Consistory's promulgation of the dogma of Papal infallibility. It was in this most serious disorganization of the Church's affairs in Germany that Leo came to the Papal throne. He has never formally abated one claim nor abrogated one edict of his predecessor in that quarrel; and yet the Romish Church has steadily regained its old privileges in Germany, the last vestige of the Falck Laws being wiped off within very recent years.

Toward the Italian Government, we can as yet expect nothing from the Vatican but unqualified hostility. The loss of the temporal power must, in time, bring about a far higher spiritual and moral control over the Roman Church, in whatever countries existent, than would ever have been possible while the Supreme Pontiff was an earthly ruler of petty Italian states. But we cannot expect this view to commend itself to Vatican officialism until those who resisted the ideas of "Young Italy," and saw its triumphant

entry into the City of the Popes, shall have passed from the stage. The subject must long be too painful for "the prisoner of the Vatican" to see the gain from the castigation. One must think, however, that the Vatican is very slow-witted (and this has very seldom been true of the Vatican) if it does not realize the enormous gain in that enthusiasm which, through annual throngs of pilgrims, brings ever larger contributions of "Peter's Pence." It must realize the moral power gained; but the position taken by Pius is still adhered to, and the faithful are still inhibited from any and all participation in affairs of government. Despite the sympathy of many of the lower priesthood in the cause of the people, and the apathy of the middle classes toward the Church, its ranks are practically unbroken; and it is a problem for the political wise to say what will be the effect of this sullen phalanx, holding aloof, biding its time, and actually blocking the civil power from being able to build up a conservative party.

We have within the last few months seen a signal instance of Papal refusal to antagonize the National Government of France. Leo has refused to take the least action in regard to the forcible closing of schools hitherto conducted by members of Romish orders. Violent popular resistance has in many places attended the closing of their doors, but the Government is absolutely untrammelled by a word from Leo. Here is a remarkable parallelism to the troubles in Germany a generation ago, and a very favorable opportunity is given to compare the two Pontiffs.

Very satisfactory seem to be the relations between the Vatican and the American Government touching the Philippines and the Friar question there. Gov. Taft has met no resistance from the Vatican in his efforts to substitute civil authority for that of the Friars, though it remains to be seen whether Leo will acquiesce in any measure like the deportation of the Friars. In the meantime, he never loses an opportunity of courting the favor of Americans (he expresses an intention to read some of the President's hunting books when he gets time), nor of praising our fairness

toward the Roman Church. If he has an ulterior motive in his liberal and friendly tone, it is as yet well veiled. It is only speculation to say that he sees in America the hope of his Church, and that he spares to do anything that might alienate a people whose mighty strides in material welfare are causing them to forget, or to be careless about, the historical and racial reasons for their Protestantism.

But, after all, can there be any such thing as a liberal or progressive Pope? Is not any one who ascends the Papal throne ushered at once into an atmosphere of rigid conservatism? Are not his fetters the same as those of former Pontiffs, only so much the heavier with every successive dogma? And with the encroachments of democracy, the Papacy, thrown more and more on the defensive, must emphasize old dogmas and assume additional ones. The Papacy may be regarded, just now, as at the most interesting stage of its wonderful career. For centuries it has vaunted its unchangeability. This is the secret of its power over the minds of the Mediterranean peoples and over the imaginations of a Newman and a Da Costa. Can it, then—to leave principle aside—afford to modify its demands to the *Zeit-Geist*? Or, if it do not so modify them, can it continue its influence among peoples living in the current of world movements? So far, Leo has, by a skill little short of the marvelous, preserved that unchangeability, and yet maintained—even strengthened—his position. He has even won friends among hostile powers. One can but think that posterity will accord him a place by the side of Leo X. and of the great Hildebrand, as one of the three greatest statesmen that have worn the triple crown.

WALTER A. MONTGOMERY.

REVIEWS.

FOUR BOOKS ON SIENA.

THE STORY OF SIENA. By Edmund G. Gardner. J. M. Dent & Co., London.

A HISTORY OF SIENA. By Langton Douglas. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

THE ENSAMPLES OF FRA FILIPPO: A Study of Mediæval Siena. By William Heywood. Enrico Torrini, Siena.

THE PAVEMENT MASTERS OF SIENA. By R. H. Hobart Cust. George Bell & Sons, London.

ONE of the greatest pleasures which we wanderers from this new and ever-changing world of the West find in European travel is to seek out those strange old cities that have been left stranded on the sands of time, where Change and Progress have never come with destructive hands to tear down the quaint, beautiful, or picturesque structures reared by the Middle Ages or the Renaissance, and make way for the commonplace buildings of to-day. To visit one of these cities is like a plunge into the past. When we enter their grim portals we find ourselves in another world, the world of the long ago. Our workaday life is forgotten, and we dwell among the armored knights and the gorgeously dressed burghers of old. In a few hours we gain a more vivid and personal realization of the ages that are gone than by the study of many books.

These places are small, and they lie off the great highways of travel. Every country possesses them, but they must be sought out. They exist because they have been forgotten. The cities that have always prospered, like London, Paris, Vienna, or Milan, cannot afford us this instruction or this pleasure. Each age has destroyed the work of the preceding, to make room for something better suited to its own requirements. Ancient monuments there are, indeed, but they are scattered far apart, and are so hemmed in by the structures of later times, their surroundings are so incongruous, that they largely fail of their effect.

Of all these unchanging cities, Siena is to my mind the most attractive. It is practically unaltered since the dolorous

hour in the year 1555, when, after enduring sufferings the slightest narrative of which still makes the blood run cold, the proud republic which had spared Florence when she lay at her mercy after the battle of Montaperti bowed her queenly neck to the Florentine yoke. Once famous for her wealth, and boasting of bankers who, like the Salimbeni and Chigi, were the Rothschilds and the Morgans of their times, trade and manufactures have forsaken her gates, and, though she has been spared the grinding poverty that has descended upon many famous Italian cities, she has shrunk to a provincial town. Once boasting a hundred thousand inhabitants, all intensely active in the pursuit of power and gold, her numbers and her energies have declined until less than thirty thousand sleep and dream behind her battlements. And so there has been no occasion for any change. The proud dwellings, churches, and public buildings that their ancestors left have been more than sufficient for the wants of her people; and they have left everything as it was. The lofty square towers that crowned the palaces of her factious burghers, whence they made war upon one another with a malignant fury rare even in Italian annals, and which were so numerous that the town, seen from afar, was compared to a canebrake, have indeed fallen, some thrown down by the conquering owner of an adjacent palace, some demolished by the public authorities to preserve the peace, still others beneath time's crumbling hand. But otherwise the city has scarcely altered, and the touch of the passing ages, elsewhere so heavy, has lingered softly and caressingly upon palace and temple.

And the past that is here enshrined is so worthy of preservation. It is not the grim, stern past that still lives for us in so many forgotten mediæval cities; it is the beautiful past of the Italian Renaissance, when life and art were one, when men loved beauty even as the Greeks, and strove yet more intensely for its realization, though without the unerring instinct which was the supreme gift of the gods to Hellas.

Siena has always had her annalists, mediæval and modern, and in recent times she has had ardent lovers who have

come from beyond the Alps to take up their abode with her and worship at her shrine. In Italian there is a large literature devoted to her history, her life, and her art, and not a little is to be found in French and German; but in English she has been strangely neglected. Florence, her rival and conqueror, has so fascinated those of English speech that they have had little time or thought for the Queen of Southern Tuscany, who sits enthroned so proudly on her hilltop. And though she is but forty miles from Florence, the trains run so inconveniently that few of the myriads of sight-seers hastening from Florence to Rome go that way. But now that the inexhaustible mine of Florentine history and art has been worked so fully that little remains for the seeker to discover, attention has been turned to her less fortunate rival, and Siena's turn has come.

And it is a story well worth the telling. More emotional than the Florentines, passing continually from the mad pursuit of pleasure that won for her from the infamous Boccadelli the reproachful title of *Molles Senae* that clings to her still, to faction fights whose demoniac deeds shocked even the men of Renaissance Italy, or to spasms of religious exaltation when, with common accord, they dedicated the city to the Madonna in an ecstasy of fervor that bordered on insanity, the history of Siena is full of sudden changes, of hairbreadth escapes, of atrocious crimes, of heaven-soaring aspirations, and closes in a burst of lurid glory with the noble heroism and unspeakable horrors of the final siege. And when we remember that this thrilling history is associated with some of art's most splendid triumphs, when we realize that these fiendish and these splendid deeds were wrought beneath the shadow of that Cathedral which is one of the most beautiful things on which the eye of man has ever rested, and of that Mangia Tower that stands forever unrivaled in its warlike grace, it is not surprising that men's hearts are now turning to the hill-set city. Now, no more than in the past, can she be the successful rival of Florence, whose infinite variety Rome alone can surpass; but she is rich in beauty as in interest.

Two men could not be found better able to treat of Siena than Prof. Douglas and Prof. Gardner. The former, whose excellent work on *Fra Angelico* has superseded all others, loves Siena so much that something of that undying hatred against Florence and the Florentines that still rankles in every Sienese bosom has crept into his own, and tinges his judgment of the artistic achievements of the two cities. Though he does not say it, one can see that he prefers Duccio to Giotto, the Lorenzetti to Orcagna, Mariano to Luca della Robbia. But this is well. The Florentine masters have had so many champions that it is time for some one to insist upon the debt that art owes to the less famous masters of Siena.

Prof. Gardner, who in his "Story of Florence," in the admirable Mediæval Towns Series, to which the book now reviewed belongs, had given us the best of all popular accounts of Florence, has shown himself at home in his new field.

Though the title of the works is so similar, they are scarcely rivals. Neither takes the place of the other. Prof. Douglas's book is a history that gives us a full and connected account of the politics, literature, and art of Siena. The historical matter in Prof. Gardner's is much more limited, and instead he gives us an elaborate guide to lead us through Siena's winding streets. Both are indispensable to him who loves Siena and would know her past and understand her treasures. In its large paper edition Prof. Gardner's book is almost as handsome as Prof. Douglas's beautifully illustrated volume; in the other form it can be slipped into the pocket beside the indispensable Baedeker.

Yet neither furnishes all that we should like to know. The dignity of history does not permit them to enter often into the private houses of the Sienese, and show us how these men lived and loved, hated and died. Fortunately a man has arisen to show us this. It seems strange to see a book published in English in old Siena; but in elegance of printing and freedom from typographical errors, Mr. Heywood's work should bring a blush to the cheeks of many an English

or American publisher. Taking for his text the moral tales of the good *Fra Filippo*—a rather slender peg on which to hang so rich a vestment—Mr. Heywood gives us the most living and faithful picture of Renaissance Italian life to be found within the lids of any single volume with which we are acquainted. His book is an admirable conception, admirably carried out. He seems to have chosen Siena for his home, and he is a guest of whom she may well be proud.

One of the most striking things in Siena is the cathedral pavement, with its wonderful pictures in stone. Perhaps they are a splendid mistake; perhaps a pavement where men walk is not a place for pictures; but he who visits Siena in August, when the wooden covering that ordinarily protects and hides them has been removed, can never forget their varied and beautiful designs, gradually changing from the outline drawings of the earlier masters to the chiaroscuro of Beccafumi. Mr. Cust has devoted to the subject prodigious study. He has ransacked every source of information, and tells us everything that is certainly known or probably conjectured. No one who goes to visit Siena in August should be without this book to guide him; but the book itself is dry as dust, and almost unreadable. The cuts, however, give one a very fair idea of the designs, and are worth the price of the volume.

G. B. Rose.

THE MAN CHRIST IN LITERATURE.

THE CHRIST OF THE AGES: In Words of Holy Writ. Being the Story of Jesus, Drawn from the Old and New Testaments, and Compiled by Wm. Norman Guthrie. The Western Literary Press, Cincinnati. Cloth, gilt.

There is a temptation to all fluent scholars—and seemingly a resistless one to those of more imaginative and poetic temperament—about the Christ themes of Holy Writ. That they are as dangerous as they are tempting, all experience has taught; for the boundary line between the true and the irreverent is so vague and mistily defined, that the impulsive foot is apt to overstep it, unknowing.

So-called “lives of Christ” infest literature—many of them

musty, mock mediæval, when not ancient; more still crude, undigested, and unworthy. And it is probably simple truth to say that not one of them is satisfying to any. They shock at once the preconceived views and the hypersensitive reverence of clerics; they are dull literature, even when not inartistic grouping of facts familiar to all thoughtful lay readers. M. Renan's is a fair example, being perhaps most widely known by name, and one of the most vulnerable to the assaults of both these classes of objectors. I am not prepared to assert that the fault is always that of the writer, rather than of the reader; but, laid to whose door it may justly be, it cancels in advance the efficacy of these perhaps well-intentioned biographies.

Where literature has failed, art has not succeeded better, in its more restricted field. Brushes of its masters, in all ages since the enactment of the Divine Tragedy, have essayed its depicting, necessarily in detached scenes. These have left us some undying creations in form and color; some masterpieces of composition and human expression, now beyond price from intrinsic worth. Yet, it is doubtful if these have actually illustrated the life of Christ on earth at all more clearly to the student, or to the masses, than have the labored books of varied dates. Taking the later and more familiar efforts, as those of Doré and Tissot, they appear as triumphs of art only. It is scarcely doubtful that the close archæology and marvelous texture of the one, and the vivid and bizarre dash of the other, are met at the very threshold of result by the same difficulties of acceptance that have ever deutilized the books. Even those who have conscientiously believed their models given and their pigments mixed by divine inspiration—as, for instance, our Sewanee mediævalist, Johannes Oertel—have spent lives to make episodes enduring, but have failed to illustrate more than mere spots in the illimitable field. What careful thought and studied diction have failed to reach in receptive minds a picture has failed to teach through the eye alone.

Romance, in its modern aggressive forms, has sometimes essayed this seductive theme, only to find it more dangerous

than have biography and art. Perhaps the only novel of "The Christ" that has so far baffled the critics, and will probably stand the test of time, is Gen. Wallace's "Ben Hur;" and its reason for life may be found in its wonderfully reverent vein—clearly unaffected and sustained—and in the location of the tale amid the very scenes and surroundings familiar to the crudest reader as theater of the drama of all time.

It would seem, then, to be left to poetry to embalm and concrete the difficult theme in acceptable and enduring form. Yet the poet meets the same obstacles to acceptance as the prose writer, with the added difficulty of more limited mode or scope of expression. More often, too, he dares that nebulous "poetical license" which loses him in seemingly flippant treatment of his sacred theme. No language seems to have exempted the poetical treatment of the Christ themes from this danger. Longfellow, who knew most tongues—and was never slow to advantage by the results of any one of them all—could not avoid this pitfall. His picture of the Boy Christ in his "Golden Legend" is infinitely crude and coarse; the scene of the alphabet lesson alone—designed for startling effect, by the paralysis of the chastising arm of the rabbi—running well into pathos and nullifying what effect the better descriptions might possibly have had. Other poems may exist that fill all the demands of this seemingly inexorable theme. If there be such, this writer has not chanced to find them.

It would seem that Mr. Guthrie had recognized this out-setting difficulty, and had determined to meet it at the threshold. The criticism that declared "Ben Hur" to be a "blasphemous book," and the "Golden Legend" not to rise above "puerility," is disarmed by his method in "The Christ of the Ages." The most captious cannot combat his facts, because they are, in each and every case, those of inspiration itself. The most sensitively devout cannot cavil at his statement of the facts, for all of these are from Holy Writ. The only opening to insert its lance point, criticism may find in the statement that this is ingenuity, and not genius. Such

possible objection answers itself in the truism that the most direct method is ever the best one for conveyance of the highest truths. And there can be no possible ascription of irreverence; for the words are not his own, in any single case, but have been the property of the ages since the Advent.

The criticism most liable to come is the denial of the need for another "Life of Christ;" but the strength of this one lies precisely within the truth that this is *not* "another" life, but the same old one, condensed and redirected. It is the grandly simple story of sublime love and sacrifice which the apostles tried to teach, which priests and sages and students have taught ever since, and which most mothers teach the little ones at their knee. It is in this very simplicity of ingenuity that the whole strength of Mr. Guthrie's book lies. He has not composed or written a new poem. He makes no pretense to having originated anything. It is the original, undying poem, retold in its own words. And Norman Guthrie is not its author; he has merely edited "The greatest Book ever written; the Biography of Christ."

But the conception is as unique as the actual method was original and laborious. The man who set himself this great, if tedious, task well knew that Bible-reading, as a task, was perfunctory; that most men read the story of their religion with their eyes alone; and that, when not forgotten, it has left no impression adequate to its value. Realizing this, his intent seems to be to retell the story of the Bible, in a form so condensed and simple as to be read by all, yet so attractive in the glamour of its poetry and its scenery as to hold every reader, and sink into his memory indelibly. And the difficulties besetting such a conception need no words.

Mr. Guthrie conceived the idea of a closet drama, telling the life of Christ upon earth; its acts to be the divisions of his divine mission, and its scenes the most salient and fruitful details of his walk among men. A thorough student of the Scriptures, from education, taste, and habit, he realized that he must look to the prophecies for the basis of his work, the foundation upon which to rear the superstructure of fact drawn from the New Testament. He fully realized, too,

that the scenic effects, so to speak, the glow and color of its telling, to hold the average reader's interest and indurate its truths, must be sought for his drama among the poets of the Old Testament. And with this plan of structure in mind he went to work.

It was literally a labor of love. There was none of the spur of originating in it, none of the glow of composition, not even the satisfaction of seeing the theme grow and expand under his touch. It was done ere he began it; had been written ages before. All his labor was to be extracting, dissection, and replacement. Mechanically, the labor was as tedious as it was mentally trying. And—as this paper shall not stray into a "criticism," either of the statements of the Bible or of the style of writers of that book—some note of its condensations and versification by Mr. Guthrie may be of more interest. That the plan had long been in his mind, there seems little doubt. When finally decided upon, he went at the task with all that energy and absorption that characterize all he does—in literature, and in other affairs of life.

Of French-Scotch descent, William Norman Guthrie is a combination of the fire of the one nation—its enthusiasm and poetic glow—and the dogged stubbornness of the other. Still in the early thirties, with fine physical development and perfect health, he is capable of severe and continuous strain, and his habit of work spares neither mind nor body. His mental mold is wholly enthusiastic and poetic, and he is ever sanguine that effort must accomplish result. He has the elasticity of a modern *Antæus*. A graduate of both the academic and theological schools of the University of the South, Mr. Guthrie went early into the ministry—first in Ohio and more recently in California. But earlier still, he gave full play to his inborn bent for literature. As a youthful student, he made repute for strongly original poetry, essays, poems, and debates, in college societies and inter-collegiate contests. Later, he did much critical work, especially of the poets and largely of the French and German, for which his intimate knowledge of those tongues gave him

special fitness. He published two volumes of original verse in early life, and a novel, "Whose by Right," which all bore his character marks, but are not remarkable in any way but that. Later, Mr. Guthrie published "A Vision of New Hellas," a versed apotheosis of American destiny, that was wholly un-American, yet original and strong, but marred by striving after new versification. His yearning for novelty makes him an experimentalist, a fault—if such it be—which is happily absent from the Christ poem. His latest volume, "The Old Hemlock, and Other Poems," has already been noted in this REVIEW. Beside his Church and other work, Mr. Guthrie has won high commendation as a platform and university lecturer. His series on Shakespeare, at the Universities of the South, of Chicago, of Cincinnati, and elsewhere, are remarkable in their diction and replete with originality. With the latter, not all his hearers agree; for he is nowise constant to accepted dicta in criticism, and is intolerant of dissent from his own views. Indeed, as his mentality has grown, he has proved inconstant to some of his own earlier literary loves; being at one time a most ardent Whitmanite, and at another severe castigator of that poet of the faddists. Recently, he gained the honors of burlesque in the London *Punch*, for declaring in a lecture at the University of Chicago that the advance of the world toward higher and purer thought-models doomed Shakespeare and Homer to relegation to bookshelf dust. But, if these unusual dicta be weaknesses, they nowise reflect themselves on Mr. Guthrie's own work, published or unpublished. And it is a strange fact about this truly remarkable man that his very best work has never gone to press, and that this fact is due almost wholly to that inconstancy already noted. Years ago he completed a novel on wholly new lines; strong throughout, and remarkable in parts for strength of character-painting and novelty of situation. This he refused to alter, though the unanimous verdict of skilled critics declared it, if changed, a sure success. Later still, he wrote a tragedy, "Saul, King of Israel." It needed but slight alteration to make it a great acting play. Refusing the mechan-

ical drudgery, Mr. Guthrie tossed aside both novel and play and went at other things.

To the Christ poem he has ever shown more paternal authorship. It cost, as has been said, infinite labor and patience; yet this man of impatient and impetuous nature and habit never wearied nor flagged under it. The idea wholly rounded, and his plan of work fixed, real work began in 1899. That entire summer this writer spent under the same roof with Mr. Guthrie, at Sewanee. His working methods, and his enthusiastic discussions of his plan, were as interesting as novel to a writer of the everyday school. The poem was a drama, the poet believing that to be the highest form of instructive art. The acts, or episodes, were already settled upon; and, aided by his great familiarity with the Scriptures, he had already prepared what may be called his text-charts. These were huge sheets of cardboard, on which were pasted every reference, either in the Old or New Testament, to the particular act or scene each one was prepared for, not for any idea or thought it might suggest—for all that was already worked out—but merely as a glossary of the words of Holy Writ. Some were single words, some phrases; others, again, whole sentences that might possibly be useful; for the poet was resolved that no single expression—not one word even—should appear in the completed drama which did not also appear in the Bible. Thus prepared—saturated with his theme and surrounded by his homemade Scripture dictionaries—Mr. Guthrie began his great poem.

Sewanee at midsummer, beyond the pale of its academic shade, is not always conducive to deep and religious thought. The bustle and demands of social intercourse are distracting; but this poet wrapped himself away from all things about him, in the texture of his weaving thoughts, and wrote long and well each day. With all his erudition and all his self-reliance, I found him as boyish and buoyant—out of literature—as any youngster of the grammar school.

Devoting many hours of the delightful mornings and afternoons to a gifted wife and two young children, it was his habit to rise at two or three o'clock in the morning, light his

lamp on a secluded upper porch, and do half a day's work before the morning stir of the household began. Once in a while his impetuous nature would flare into wild wrath and objurgation at some trivial interruption, but the marvel was how he could work at all in the unaccustomed surroundings of a summer boarding house.

Doubtless the poet found compensation for many annoyances in renewing the souvenirs of his youth, and in consultation with and the encouragement of some of those who had directed his steps up the difficult paths of higher literature. The gentle and yet positive nature of the priest and scholar, whose name appears in its dedication, was foremost of these; and Dr. Du Bose's statement that "it is surprising how the Scriptures lend themselves to versification" was supplemented by helpful words from as able a critic as Prof. W. P. Trent. So Mr. Guthrie wrought and worried, rose before the birds, ran his mile to Green's View to see sunrise, laughed away interruptions, and tramped to Theologs' Pool for an icy plunge, all those busy months. The poem was completed, in its original draft, by mid-autumn, and he carried it to his Ohio home for revision and polish. These it has assuredly received; but it is probable that no important work in verse has been so little changed from its preconceived plan and form, a fact all the more remarkable when the surroundings of its production are considered. Its parent proved more constant to it than to most of his earlier brain children, or even the stalwart ones that succeeded it. All the three years intervening he has kept it at his side and given it tender and maturing touches. The perfected whole stands as a unique and stately poem, written by inspired hands, and compiled by a labor as intelligent as it was loving.

If Mr. Guthrie has mannerisms, as some of his critics declare; if he be inclined to enforce his own theories and prejudices in his original work, either to its help or hurt—he surely has done neither in this one. It stands forth as he first planned it—as its subtitle declares it—"The Words of Holy Writ." And at those words, Criticism stands dis-

armed at the threshold—save such criticism as essays to mend the inspired story of The Promise and The Advent.

All left, even for the carper, is discussion of Mr. Guthrie's use of the material selected. He seems to the present writer to have cleared a new field and to have worked it well. His deft juxtaposition of the prophecies to the finished result—the promise to the fulfillment—is remarkable for simplicity of method. The continuity of action—holding the reader as a romantic poem might—is equally masterly; strangely so, when the restrictions in verbiage are recalled. Remembering that the words—from cover to cover, with no smallest particle excepted—are from the Bible, one must marvel at the naturalness with which the grandest scenes of the drama of all time, depicted in the New Book, get their picturesque stage and their vivid color from the lush luxuriance of wording in the poets of the Old Book.

Even did space serve, the story needs no retelling. It is, or should be, familiar to all. The episodes selected for the "acts" are seven: (1) The Incarnation, (2) The Temptation, (3) The Transfiguration, (4) The Messianic Entrance, (5) The Passover, (6) The Passion, (7) The Risen Christ. These are embraced in a preface ("Foreword") and an epilogue ("A Vision of Last Things").

The movement of the great story is natural and faithful; the sequence of the scenes, dramatic and cumulative; the prosody exact; and there is no yielding to the temptation everywhere offered, to overload the simplicity of the recital with too much of picturesque color. Naturally, the most impressive passages are found in "The Passion." The most effective, in the dramatic sense, are in "The Messianic Entrance." The grouping of the parables is masterly, the scourging of the money-changers from the temple revealing the power of those inspired lashes as in a flood of new light. The rhythm moves as liltfully along as though there were no restraint from all the modern dictionaries, so well do "the Scriptures lend themselves" to this sort of verse.

T. C. DE LEON.

NOTES.

THAT Arthur Lyon Cross, Ph.D., should select "The Anglican Episcopate and the American Colonies" as the subject for an essay to offer as a dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard University, implies that the relation of the English Church to colonial affairs in pre-revolutionary times was of more than ordinary interest to the students of history. His treatment of his chosen theme was so far successful that his essay was not only accepted for the purpose for which it was primarily intended, but it was also awarded the Toppin prize in 1899. A further honor awaited it when, after being "to a considerable extent recast, revised, and enlarged," it was made the ninth in the series of Harvard Historical Studies, published under the direction of the Department of History and Government from the income of the Henry Warren Torrey Fund (Longmans, Green, & Co.). While it cannot be said that this phase of colonial history has been altogether neglected by the historians of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, it may be said that none of them have ever given to it the exhaustive study that is here given, nor have they extended their researches into the documentary materials which Dr. Cross has found stored up in the archives at Lambeth and Fulham Palaces, the seats of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of the Bishop of London. As a contribution to the history, not only of the Protestant Episcopal Church but also of American institutions, the value of this essay is enhanced by appendices containing transcripts of documents preserved in Fulham Library, the British Museum, and the Public Record Office, London, not otherwise accessible to the general reader.

One of the most notable books of the past winter is Carl Lumholtz's "Unknown Mexico" (Charles Scribner's Sons). As its subtitle states, it is "a record of five years' explora-

tion among the tribes of the Western Sierra Madre, in the Tierra Caliente of Tepic and Jalisco, and among the Tarascos of Michoacan," and it is probably the most important contribution to the literature of exploration and discovery on this continent for many years. Although a treasury of scientific information concerning the Tarahumares (who are actual cave dwellers), the Tepehuanes, the Tepecanos, Coras, Huichols, Nahuas (whom we usually call Aztecs), and Tarascos, the work is written in such pleasing style as to make it of deep interest to the general reader. It is published in two royal octavo volumes, profusely illustrated with half-tone reproductions of photographs taken by the author and full-page lithographs in color.

We have never seen a single issue of "The International Studio" (John Lane), now in its nineteenth volume, that failed to entitle that "Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Fine and Applied Art" to a place in the very front rank of periodicals of its class. Indeed, it might be said that it stands by itself, for no other art magazine presents such a wide range of subjects or such a wealth of illustration. It is a magazine for the art lover, for the book lover, and for the lover of the beautiful in any of its forms. The enterprising publisher at "The Bodley Head, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York," has, during the past winter, issued some very valuable supplements —viz., "English Water Colour" (eight parts either in portfolio or handsomely bound in a single volume), "Representative Art of Our Time" (similarly arranged), and "Corot and Millet" (an admirable exposition of the works of those French artists). No one who desires to develop his home library on its artistic side would do well to ignore these publications.

Prof. Charles Burton Gulick, Ph.D., in his "The Life of the Ancient Greeks" (D. Appleton & Co.), and Prof. Harold Whetstone Johnston, in his "The Private Life of the Romans" (Chicago: Scott, Foresman, & Co.), have placed

all students of the classics and of ancient history under obligations to them for the delightful manner in which they have pictured the lives of the dwellers in Athens and in Rome in the times before the Christian era. In the pages of these two books of moderate size we may see them in their homes, in the pursuit of their daily occupations; we may follow them from infancy to old age and even to the grave; we may see what they ate, what they wore, how they amused themselves; we may see how their families were constituted, how they constructed their houses and how they furnished them. The first-named volume belongs to the series of "Twentieth Century Text-Books," and the latter to the "Lake Classical Series." The numbered paragraphs, marginal titles, cross references, footnotes, and even diacritical marks denoting the proper pronunciation of the Greek and Latin words necessarily used in great profusion, all mark these books as intended for use as text-books in schools and colleges, but neither book would be out of place in the home library. The illustrations are well selected and well executed.

Macmillan's Pocket Classics is proving a convenient medium for reproducing and obtaining many of the best specimens in English and American literature at slight expense. The variety may be determined by some of the recent numbers received, which comprise Chaucer's "Prologue, Knight's Tale," etc.; Shakespeare's "As You Like;" "Early American Orations, 1760-1824;" and Stevenson's "Treasure Island." The "Orations" is noteworthy as containing material valuable in itself and at the same time not easily accessible in the ordinary library. The "Treasure Island," by Stevenson, is a happy selection among modern classics, and is edited with an admirable introduction by Prof. H. A. Vance, of the University of Nashville, who contributed the article on "Robert Louis Stevenson" to the April, 1902, number of the *SEWANEE REVIEW*. Some paragraphs of this article have naturally been made use of in the edition.